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## Zion's Herald.

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### "IN THY WORK THOU ART NEAR TO ME."

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

What hast Thou for me to do?  
Low at Thy feet  
I listen, listen night and day,  
For Thy accents sweet.  
At Thy word, or far or near,  
Gladly I go,  
With wise messages from Thee,  
Or serving to and fro.

Do not longer listen, child,  
Rise and seek thy kind;  
Everywhere is work to do,  
Look, and thou shalt find;  
In thy work thou art near to Me,  
And when least aware  
Some swift word shall come to thee  
In answer to thy prayer.

Westerly, R. I.

### PROOFS OF EVOLUTION.

BY GEO. H. STONE.

In the HERALD of Jan. 11, I see a call upon Dr. Newhall for the proofs of the theistic and Christian doctrine of evolution. Now it is not at all my purpose to answer the Doctor's call, who, we all know, is so well able to answer for himself, but to present a thought which has often occurred to me as to where the burden of proof lies.

As between theists or Christians, the question as to whether the various forms of vegetable and animal life were made by special creative acts of God or by the secondary process of descent as affirmed by evolutionists, is only a question of method. In either case all ought to agree that the creation is the work of God.

In the catechisms the child is asked the question, "Who made you?" And he is taught to answer, "God." Now, is that answer correct, and is its logical force admitted by theists and Christians? If it is, then there is no escape from the conclusion that God is now creating animals by secondary causes — by descent from parents. And if that is His method of creating at the present time, what proof have we that He has employed on our planet any other method in the past, except at the creative act when living matter first came into existence? Suppose that life indeed began with living beings of low grade, and all the subsequent forms are descendants of those primeval types; is it not as truly the work of God as if He had seen fit to create each type and each individual without the intervention of parents? It certainly is, if the child's answer is correct, that God made him.

Now, when we know the process whereby any given result in nature is at present brought about, such is our confidence in the unity of nature and the reign of law (which terms only mean that the Creator's plans are so well laid and so persistently followed that He will not change His usual method of administration unless on extraordinary occasions), we require proof that any other process has been employed. Miracles, as the Christian believes, have indeed been performed, but they require conclusive proof.

To illustrate: Suppose one claims that the fossil shells found in the rocks are a special creation in imitation of animal forms, but not real shells. The answer will be, the only way known whereby such shells are now created, is by the growth of living beings, and upon you rests the proof that they have ever been created in any other way. So, too, when we look at a conglomerate, it is natural to infer that those rounded sand grains and pebbles must at some former time have been worn and deposited in layers by moving water. But if some one affirms that such forms were created by an omnipotent fiat and without the intervention of the secondary forces, which we know are producing such effects to-day, then it devolves upon him to prove it. It is plain enough that an omnipotent Creator could do such work; but did He do it? What proof is there that He formerly made conglomerate by a different process from that now employed?

Given, then, the present method of creation of animals by descent alone, it logically follows that upon those who affirm that in time past animals were created in some other way, rests the burden of proof of such an assertion. These remarks do not assume the truth or falsity of either of the theories above contrasted. That ques-

tion is to be decided by the facts. But which ever theory of creation is true, the burden of proof is manifestly thrown upon him who affirms a process no man has observed, rather than upon him who believes the method to have been analogous to that which is seen everywhere.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

### "THEM THAT ARE IN BONDS."

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

"How'd you like the sermon, Sunday mornin', Aunt Phoebe?" asked Farmer Hayes of his fair-faced neighbor, as she took a seat in his cool, broad keeping-room.

"It moved me deeply, Philip, and led me to inquire whether I had remembered those in bonds as if I were bound with them."

"Why, Phoebe, there ain't nobody 'in bonds' now, since slavery's been 'bolished.' That text is out o' fashion now."

"There are people in bonds all about us, Philip," was the calm reply.

"Who, for massy's sake?"

"Our neighbor Lawson for one — bound by the cords of a raging appetite in the bonds of Satan."

"Well, we can't help his making a fool of himself with drink, and breakin' his wife's heart, and mortgagin' his farm."

"He's not beyond the need of pity and of prayer."

"But, Phoebe, you and me can't make a sober man of him by accusin' ourselves, and frettin' can we?"

"No, but we can remember him in the bonds of Satan, and help him to break them."

"How, now?"

"We — I mean you, men — can shut up the bar at the old tavern. Lawson never walked three miles for liquor when it was shut up, and he tried hard to break the 'bonds.' Now it is open again, and the temptation's too much for him. But we have other neighbors 'in bonds' too, beside Lawson, Philip."

"Have? Who, for massy's sake?"

"The Widow Lane is unjustly bound in an insane asylum."

"Well, we didn't put her there!" exclaimed the old man.

"But have we taken her out?"

"How could we do that?"

"There is law, and we could demand its protection for her. Although we all regard her as nervous and excitable, we all believe that she has been unjustly immured by her step-sons, so that by and by they may invalidate her will if it doesn't suit them."

"But, Phoebe, we don't know she's sane."

"If you were put on oath, would you swear that you had ever seen any evidence of insanity in her?"

"Oh, la! No!"

"Then would you testify to your belief in her sanity?"

"Well, I wouldn't just like to do that when James and Eben are such good neighbors to borrow from! A body has to keep on good terms with his neighbors, you know."

"I don't know any such thing; but I do know that we ought to remember all in bonds as if bound with them."

During this conversation a pale little fellow of twelve years had been peeping in at the half-open door, listening and hoping for a smile from Aunt Phoebe.

The old man now caught sight of him, and shouted in a terrific tone: "Is that the way you weed onion beds? I guess you're after another thrashing, you lazy young scoundrel!"

The child flew, as if he had been struck by a lash, past the window by which Aunt Phoebe was sitting.

"Don't shout in such a tone to that motherless child!" exclaimed Aunt Phoebe entreatingly.

"If women folks had farms to run, they couldn't be so mealy-mouthed as you and my wife to their farm hands," said the old man.

"Do you call that baby a farm hand?" asked Aunt Phoebe.

"A poor sort o' one. He don't do half what Lunt's boy does."

"Do you pay him half?"

"Why, I don't pay him nothin'. He's bound to me. He wants to

swing, and play ball, and whittle, just as if he wasn't a bound boy."

"Half the work of childhood is play," said Aunt Phoebe softly.

"Pho! Who'll feed a boy for playing? He don't earn his salt," said Hayes.

"I see him driving the cows to and from pasture, and milking, and weeding, bringing in wood, and —"

"Oh, yes, he does some such little chores; but you see I'm responsible for making him work, and the town can call me to 'count if I let him go idling about."

"No danger of that, for Joe Harris told me that when he set off for the doctor the other morning at four o'clock, that child lay asleep on the onion beds!"

"He did? Well, then I'll have a settlement with him for that! He had no business to sleep there!" cried Hayes.

"No, he ought to have been asleep in his bed. What man will you find, who, for good, round pay, will work from four in the morning till seven in the evening?"

"I do — sometimes — and you couldn't expect me to treat a bound boy better than I do myself, could you?"

"Treat yourself better, then. You have a motive. You want to lay up money; and if you are willing to sacrifice ease and comfort, and to convert yourself into a bunch of nerves, you have your reward. I came to speak about little Jim."

"Little Jim! Why, Phoebe, he has all he can eat three times a day, and a good bed to sleep on!"

"Yes, your good wife will see to that; but he has not the love and the tender words from you for which his poor little heart is aching, nor the long hours of sleep that he should have. Instead of these, he is hurried, and blamed, and scolded, and called a 'lazy scoundrel,' and whipped —"

"How do you know that?" asked the farmer a little sharply.

"I know it by my own senses," replied Aunt Phoebe.

"I didn't know you could hear me such a piece down the road. I hope you'll excuse me for talking so loud," said the dull-witted man, who did not see he had been telling the story himself.

"You have not wronged me, but the child and his dead mother, and above all, the God of mercy."

"La! you scare me! I thought folks had boys bound to 'em a purpose to get lots o' work out on 'em — for — well, for nothin'."

"Would you like your fatherless little grandson to be put in just such a place as little Jim is in, if you were dead?"

"La, Phoebe, Sam's mother is a forehanded man herself, and wouldn't have to bind him out even if I was gone."

Aunt Phoebe uttered a little discouraged sort of groan at the poor results of her reasoning, and Philip Hayes added: "Well, no, don't know's I should, 'cause he's my own flesh and blood."

"Little Jim was some one's flesh and blood, too," replied Aunt Phoebe, wiping her eyes.

"Why, Phoebe, my wife's just as chicken-hearted as you be; and do you s'pose she'd stan' by and see little Jim abused? Why, I've known her to get out o' her warm bed of a bitter night and go into his room to make sure he was kivered up warm, and tucked in!"

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," whispered Aunt Phoebe. "One day," she continued, "he peeped in at my window, and I asked him what he wanted. He said, 'I thought maybe you'd see me and have time to smile on me.' I did smile on him — dear child — and told him Mrs. Hayes would smile on him any time; and what do you think he said?"

"La! I don't know, I'm sure. Boys will say anything," was the reply.

"Well, he said, 'Mrs. Hayes is awful good to me, and she talks to me and smiles on me whenever she gets time; but she's awful drove from daylight to dark.' I'm afraid I'm going too far with my plain talk, Philip. You look as if you were getting angry."

"No, I hain't neither," cried the farmer, straightening himself up in

his chair, and trying to look very brave; "but I'd like to know what I've done to you, Phoebe?"

"Nothing. I am speaking now for 'them that are in bonds.' Shall I go on?"

"Yes; out with it, good neighbor! I guess I can stand it."

"Can you? Well, I have a word for one who is neither in an asylum, nor yet 'bound out,' nor —"

Here Aunt Phoebe put on her glasses and looked searchingly in her neighbor's eye, and said, "There are a great many 'bound' whom the world looks on as free. I'm coming still nearer home now, Philip."

"Who on earth are you goin' to accuse me of bindin' of, now, for massy's sake?"

"Your own, dear, good, lovely wife," replied Aunt Phoebe, slowly and solemnly. "I knew she was out, and so I came to see you alone."

"Phoebe! you don't sartin' accuse me of not lovin' and providin' for her?" cried Philip Hayes, in a wounded tone.

"I know that she, as well as little Jim, has 'all she can eat three times a day; but for all that you are very hard with her as well as with him. You are as strong a man as ever lived; and so you have no feeling for the weak. Your wife has not half my vigor, but she does double the work my husband would allow me to do in harvest time. You won't have her always, Philip. Now turn over a new leaf this hour, and let her rest. Remember her as if you, with her delicate frame, were forced to do her work."

"What more can I do for her? How can I help her working in harvest time? The hay-makers have got to eat," cried Hayes, in the tone of a martyr.

"You can hire help, and not let her work for eight harvesters, besides doing her dairy work and all else that falls on the mother of a family. You can buy books and take papers and so gratify her taste, and — well, Philip, you can let her have some money to give away, or to do just what she pleases with, so that she need not always say, when called on for a dollar, or even a quarter, 'I'll ask my husband.' When she came in here, ten years ago, to fill a mother's place to your motherless boys, she was a gift from the Lord to you; and if you don't appreciate her, why, you don't deserve her! But I must go now," said Aunt Phoebe, rolling up her knitting work, which she always took when she went out to make a call.

"Wait a minute, good neighbor," cried Hayes in a tender voice. "Do you think I could get Mirandy Fisk to help my wife through harvest?"

"Yes, and through the whole year, if you want to."

"I'll send little Jim right up to have her come down, afore my wife gets back from town, where she went with the butter, 'cause I couldn't spare anybody else."

"Do so; and resolve not to put that child to work till seven o'clock and to let him stop very early to play," said Aunt Phoebe.

"Well, I'll do that; but, Phoebe, I don't want you to look on me as a hard man, bindin' of heavy burdens on to folks, that I wouldn't touch with one o' my fingers."

"Well, then, neighbor, you must change your course at once; for the day is far spent and the night is at hand with us both. I must hurry home now, for the 'hands' will soon be in from the field for their supper. I always pour out their tea for them myself, to make them feel as if they had a mother. Poor fellows — they are all strangers in a strange land, you know."

There were tears in the old man's eyes as he watched his kind neighbor going up the road to the next farmhouse, and he said, "I do hope the blessed woman will remember me among the rest, for I believe I've been bound by Satan myself!"

"They that are in bonds" are everywhere about us — in prisons, in hospitals, in workshops, in factories, yes, in homes wherever the strong oppress the weak. Let us remember them!

There is many a thing which the world calls disappointment; but there is no such word in the dictionary of faith. What to others are disappointments, are to believers intimations of the will of God. — *Newton.*

### LETTER FROM BROOKLYN.

This has often been called the "City of Churches;" but that is a misnomer, for there are not more of that class of buildings than are to be found in any place of its size. The "City of Homes" would be far more appropriate, since its business, except in a retail way, is confined mostly to the river front, and its large area of dwellings is used to shelter those at night who by day find occupation in New York. But the drift has been of late up town in the latter city by the elevated roads, and towards the little villages in New Jersey. No one, however, will dispute that in its outskirts Brooklyn is pre-eminently the "City of the Dead."

As we sit at our window, which faces southward and looks along a line of railroad running from the ferry, we can see, not disturbed by it now as at first, an almost endless procession of funeral carriages on their way to the cemeteries. Sometimes there are forty, fifty, or more coaches, and then we know there is a politician or prominent rumeller — these last never lack mourners — going to his long home; or unless it is an Irish funeral, whose chief glory consists in the number of carriages provided by the friends of the family — a custom which, though lessened through the efforts of their clergy, has not been entirely abandoned. The hearse as varied as the style of the funeral. There is the one covered with nodding plumes, another whose decorations are carved imitations of the former, and the still plainer one with none at all, and the varnish on its body cracked and threatening to peel off. Then there are children's hearses painted white, still of different degrees of respectability, but all, as a rule, containing flowers which hide the casket within. But the most pathetic of all is the funeral with two carriages — no hearse — the front one carrying a plain box. The little coffin is stretched upon the seats by the side of the mourners, and you know another little victim of city life is to be added to the crowded ranks of the sleepers in the infants' burying-ground.

We can see from our window no less than four cemeteries — Roman Catholic, Jewish, Lutheran, and one large general one, and there are others beyond within easy reach; and yet this is not a much frequented part of the city. The Catholic burying-ground is sown the thickest with graves. At a distance the crosses which are put over them look as close together as grain. When the old box cars were on this route, it was not an uncommon thing for a Jew to get in at the ferry, carrying a box that looked like a peddler's outfit, but which really contained the corpse of an infant which he was carrying to an economical burial. But the drivers found it out at last, and put a stop to the practice. Calvary cemetery, the great Catholic grave-yard, lies in another direction. Its silent inhabitants number more than 400,000 — a great city. And Greenwood, over by the bay, must have as many, if not more.

There are strange scenes enacted at the entrances to these cemeteries. The saloons crowd about it and do a good stroke of business with the harkmen and the mourners. The hearses and carriages stand about the doors, though they usually wait, not always, till they have deposited their burden. Then grief, to all appearance, is thrown aside; and as soldiers return from the grave of a comrade with quick step and the strains of lively music, so do these mourners go back into the battle of life leaving all painful memories upon the bleak hill-side.

But the churches of Brooklyn, if not proportionately numerically greater than those of other cities, attract a good deal of attention, and deservedly so, for they stand very prominent both as to congregations and pastors. And among these those of our own denomination are not the least. There is more cohesion among them than in New York. The bonds are more tightly drawn, though not so closely as we could sometimes wish. There are wide gaps between the highest and the lowest, as they are sometimes called; but these are growing narrower, and there is a better recognition of a common heritage. Perhaps this is

due to the influence of the local Methodist Church Society which takes a general supervision of the whole, and whose officers are the constituted authorities of the church, seconded by a liberal representation of the body of the laity. The constant influx of the population has given quite an impetus to those in the suburbs which make up the greatest number. The increasing congregations have proved the present edifices too small, and enlargements and new buildings are making in all directions. This is a great improvement over the old system of erecting other small churches which have often been found to interfere with each other. The society above referred to was especially formed, not only to aid needy churches, but to prevent the establishment of others where they were not needed, and on an insufficient basis. It has been found by experience that a large church, with ample seating room, succeeds the best, even if it causes a longer walk for some of the membership in attendance upon the services. There is less friction; a slight disagreement does not affect the general body; the expenses are lessened; and with the increased prosperity, the contributions to the benevolent societies are enlarged.

Of those lately completed, in progress, or contemplated, all have this general feature. The Nostrand Avenue Church, lately under the care of Dr. George Woodruff, now Rev. George E. Reed, is a substantial success, and one of the most attractive in the city. Grace Church, formerly Seventh Avenue (Rev. George P. Mains), and James Church (Rev. I. Simmons), are each about to build at a cost in either case of \$30,000. And others are looking forward to doing the same thing. The latter is to be 75 feet by 100 feet, the main auditorium elevated a few steps so as to give a large, airy basement for lecture, Sunday-school and class-rooms. At the Francis Mission, Rev. J. S. Whedon is doing his best in rather an unpromising field to push the work. He is the son of Dr. D. D. Whedon, and has begun services during the week at which he introduces some of the foremost men of the church. Miss Oliver, at Willoughby Avenue, seems firmly established, and has some first-class helpers. This is still styled a Methodist Episcopal Church, and the pastor is evidently living in hope of recognition, with no ambition to constitute it an independent body, though it is so in reality. Hers is a difficult question. A graduate and licentiate of the Boston University, universally respected, honest and hard-working, it seems hard that no official place can be found for her services. The trouble is not with the individual. Once admitted to the Conference, the rules of the itinerancy would apply to her as to any other. We have female missionaries abroad. It might be possible to cut the knot, perhaps, by making her one to that section of Brooklyn. As it is, she certainly enjoys the confidence and assistance of many of the pastors in her neighborhood, irregular as her position may be.

The older churches are enjoying a goodly degree of prosperity. At St. John's, Rev. W. V. Kelly, who was transferred to that charge from the Newark Conference, is winning golden opinions as a preacher; but he lacks the physical strength, as did Rev. Dr. Chapman, to carry on the pastoral work on such a scale as was done by Dr. J. O. Peck. He seemed never to tire. On foot, in the cars, with his own buggy, and when his horse needed rest with a fresh horse borrowed from one of the trustees, he gave himself no rest. The result you know, but it is not generally known that the exertion brought serious injury to himself, the traces of which can still be seen. But the ministrations of Mr. Kelly are just such as are needed to conserve such a work, and they vindicate the wisdom of the itinerancy. At Hanson Place, where he is assisted by Rev. Charles Backman, Dr. Peck is again successful. The New York Herald frequently reports his sermons, slightly condensed, in its Monday morning's issue. Everywhere, so far as we hear, there is peace, harmony and progress.

Our new mayor goes to work in an independent fashion. You know, we suppose, that by the new charter he is

made entirely free from the board of aldermen in his appointments of all but two offices. This is not as risky as it looks; certainly not more so than the former system, and has the advantage of an undivided responsibility. His message to the Board of Education showed a thorough knowledge of the wants of the public schools, though he confined himself to the statement of them, leaving the remedy to the board; and young and modest as he is — only thirty-two last week — he does not shrink from a veto where it seems called for. His predecessor was honest, but ran too much in the groove of the politicians. Mayor Low avoids this, and so will escape many snares. — *CLARKE.*

Jan. 25, 1882.

### LOVE AND CULTURE.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

St. Paul teaches that Christian love is to "abound in knowledge, and in all judgment" (Phil. 1: 9).

It is a mistake that ignorance is the mother of devotion. The word translated "judgment" in this passage signifies "sense." A Christian man is bound to order his life so that he shall be perpetually cultivating every sense and every power of perception. Christianity did not come to lock the caskets of knowledge; Christianity did not come to retard the progress of science. Christianity came to stir every man in every part of his inner and outer constitution to a better development. No man has a right to say that his religious duties so engage him as that he has no time to devote to the cultivation of his intellect. It is a most sad and hurtful mistake in any Christian to pass through life without continual increase of intellectual power, and without continual accessions to the riches of his intellectual furniture. He must know, and know more — more of God, more of man, more of nature, and the larger his acquaintance becomes with all the sciences and all the arts, that acquaintance being prompted by his love for God and for his fellow-man, the more devout and the more philanthropic will that man become.

It is possible to develop the intellect, and it is possible to acquire learning, for sinistors or for selfish ends, but that is not Christian. Such a course would not be characteristic of a Christian student. The beginning of his pursuits of knowledge and of his efforts at intellectual development must be in love. The end for which all this training is made, and all this learning acquired, must be love for God and love for man. He is to study all the questions suggested to him by the existence of God, by the existence of man, by the existence of nature, and by the relations which exist between nature, man and God.

The great end of all this cultivation of the understanding and of the taste is, according to the Apostle, to the end that we "may approve things that are excellent," to the end that we may "try the things which are different;" the meaning of which seems to be, that our intellects may be clarified, that we may be able to perceive the smallest elements of morals entering into any question, to detect the right and wrong swiftly. All knowledge which does not tend to this end is absolutely worthless. The ethical is infinitely more important than the intellectual. The intellectual exists for the ethical. The whole reason for the existence in man of the power to perceive, and compare, and reason, and remember, is that he may be able to decide correctly upon questions of morality.

A Christian whose life is such as that all men perceive, as he himself will, upon examination, that he develops his intellect and acquires his learning simply for the gratification of his vanity, or the increase of his material property, is a Christian whose life is not such as "becomes the Gospel of Christ."

### That Outgrown Printing Office.

In the homes of hundreds of the Herald's readers are amateur printing outfits, bought for the bright, growing boys, but now outgrown and unused and in the way. Though in good order and but little used, they may have occurred, or been necessary, to sell, even at the heavy loss always attending the sale of such second-hand property.

Now, one of our Freedmen's Aid Schools is just the place where such an outfit can be put to permanent and advantageous use. It will be educational, leading the students to critical accuracy in spelling and grammar. It will be no less industrial, giving to both young men and women an insight into a sphere of honorable labor now practically closed to them. It will be no less economical, as the printing that has and ought to be done in connection with a school, costs quite a sum during a year.

Rev. W. F. Steele, principal of Bennett Seminary, Greensboro, N. C., would like to correspond at once with any one having printing materials to spare and a self-inking press in good order, capable of printing a surface 12 by 9 inches more or less. A donation of something like this would be inestimably valuable.



BY BISHOP THOMAS BOWMAN.

Gov. Hennessy is an Irishman of the Irishmen, and a radical of the radicals, in relation to all Irish affairs. The same might be said of him in regard to China and the Chinese. He thinks this is the greatest country in the world and that the Chinese are the greatest people in the world. Evidently his Irish notions affect his views of China. He said the Chinese are not understood—that they are industrious, honest, truthful and reliable in all respects. The ban-

Tien Tsin is a large commercial city, at the head of steam navigation on the Yellow River, and within eighty-five miles of Peking. It is quite a stirring place and is beginning to take on a little of European air. A large park has been laid out; quite a number of large buildings have been erected, and the "jin-ri-ke-sha" has been introduced, as evidences of advancing civilization. The population is supposed to be from 800,000 to 1,000,000. The traffic at this point is very great, and the trade along the river and the great Canal is wonderful.

The second of last July, the nineteenth of last September, and the twenty-fifth of this month, were remarkable days in this city, in connection with the awful tragedy of the late President Garfield. On the first of these days he received the fatal shot; on the second day the brave martyr died; and on Wednesday of this week, after a trial of nearly three months, the jury found a unanimous verdict "guilty as indicted." The first event took the world by surprise, and shocked us all; the second covered our city with mourning and sadness; and the third was received with universal approval. We have only to wait for the last act of the dreadful drama, when the wrong to the nation will to some extent be atoned for on the scaffold. Nothing can be said about the late trial that will be to the reader, as its proceedings were chronicled daily over the world. What ever such a trial befor? Much of its proceedings will be remembered with shame and regret. Nothing can be said of Guitau that has not been said over and over again. His coolness and deliberation in planning the murder, the latitude given to him in committing his vile and infamous attacks upon one who testified against him, his cunning and blasphemous schemes, are familiar to all.

men in a recent Zion's Herald reference was made to a rumor of a division in the woman's National Temperance Union, owing to action taken at their convention here last fall. The report is true, and a new society has been formed, with Mrs. Dr. J. McKendree Kelley at its head here, and branches established over the land. But the old society never was in a more flourishing state in this city than at present, and Rev. D. C. Babcock has been settling things on fire this week. At the Congregational Church a national temperance conference was held this week with Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York, and other leaders from New York and Philadelphia, present. A number of city pastors also took active part in the meetings, which lasted two days and had several sessions. Dozens of boys and girls distributed thousands of circulars to all passers-by, inviting them to the meetings, and containing temperance

The history of the work of the American Board in the Turkish Empire (embracing three other missions) extends over fifty years, and is a record of the most unyielding perseverance against obstacles, of prudent management, and very substantial success. They have established a noble and useful work in the East. Their labors are an example for our work in that region, though their mission, as directed to the Bulgarian south of the Balkans, operates under quite different circumstances from our own, and such as are in many respects more favorable to immediate success. We take pleasure in working to the study of the American Board's Missions in the Turkish Empire. See "History of the Missions of the American Board to the Oriental Churches," by Rufus Anderson, LL. D., 2 vols, 12 mo., Boston, Congregational House, 1872, \$1.50 per volume also, "Historical Sketch of the Missions of the American Board in Turkey," by Rufus Bartlett, D. D., pamphlet, pp. 35, Boston.

brother recently converted. The pastor has just started a chorus choir of the young people to assist in Sabbath-school. Mr. Bradlee is assisting the pastor in revival services, with encouraging results, several having already commenced the Christian life, and the work goes on.

Rev. S. T. Record is steadily recovering from his recent illness, and is again engaged in his pastoral work, but unable yet to preach. Mr. R. does not anticipate any permanent inconvenience from his sickness, but expects to be ready for full work in a few weeks. He recently baptized one at Turner Centre.

An enthusiastic anti-polygamy meeting was held in Portland, last Monday evening. Hon. Lot M. Morrill presided. Remarks were made by Judge C. V. Goddard, Rev. A. Dalton, and George F. Emery. Rev. Dr. Seward offered

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The latest numbers of *Little Folks Reader* and *Babyland* are very delightful and entertaining. *Babyland* "minds" the baby, the *Reader* captivates the restless boy and girl, and home is happy all day long because two good magazines have crossed its threshold.

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The annual meeting of the Connecticut Temperance Union was held in Hartford, Wednesday, Jan. 18. It was a large and influential gathering, and the speeches were very fine. On such occasions our Methodist friends appear in the foremost rank. Rev. I. J. Linsley of Stamford, made the speech of the day, and Mrs. Ellen J. Foster, of Iowa, spoke with great power and persuasion in the evening. Probably no other temperance addresses have ever been given in Connecticut than these two. The Methodists delivered to the very best elements of society gathered in the most influential centre in our State. G



## The Sunday School.

## FIRST QUARTER. LESSON VIII.

Sunday, February 10, Mark 4: 1-20.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

## PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

## I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches" (Rev. 2: 29).

2. DATE: A. D. 28, in the autumn.

3. PLACE: On the shore of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Capernaum.

4. CONNECTION: With the last lesson, immediate.

5. PARALLEL NARRATIVES: Matt. 13: 1-23; Luke 8: 4-18.

## II. Introductory.

It is the peculiarity of uttered truth, some one has said, that it compels every hearer to take an attitude for or against it. While the preaching of Jesus thus far had attracted vast crowds of hearers, it had secured as yet comparatively few disciples. It had aroused a deadly enmity among the Pharisees, who lay in wait on every occasion to wrest from His words a sufficient charge on which to silence Him. It had excited curiosity and admiration among the masses, without enlisting any great degree of personal sympathy and adherence. The time had come when more guarded utterances were needed, when the great truths of His kingdom should be veiled, in part, from these hostile and indifferent classes, its mysteries shrouded in "dark sayings." Therefore when, because of the great gathering of the people, He was compelled again to resort to His floating pulpit on the margin of the Sea, and He recognized the scowling faces of the rabbis among the throng on the shore, composed largely of the curious and the hostile, He used for the first time as a vehicle for His teaching the parable.

Adopting imagery from one of the most familiar scenes, and possibly suggested by a living example visible to the eyes of all, He depicted a sower going forth from his village home to sow seed in the unfenced fields. Flinging it out with a free hand, some grains, of course, fell upon the footpath or adjoining road, and immediately were pecked by the watchful, hungry birds. Some fell on rocky, shallow soil, and sprouted quickly, but the sun scorched it, and having no room to root, it quickly withered. Some dropped among a patch of thorns where more vigorous growth soon "choked" the germination which otherwise would have yielded fruit. And other seed fell on "good ground" and yielded a harvest of thirty, sixty or a hundred-fold.

A parable so singularly clear and plain in its meaning as this, we would naturally think, would have needed no interpretation; but we read that even the disciples were puzzled by it, and sought an early explanation. He gratified their wish—first, however, telling them why He used this new style of teaching: "To do them, the willing and the receptive, should be revealed 'the mysteries of the kingdom';" but they should be veiled to those "that were without"—the voluntarily blind—who through fear lest they should be converted and have their sins forgiven, preferred spiritual ignorance. The parable was used for this class that they might see and yet not perceive the inner meaning, and hear and yet not understand the concealed truth. Proceeding then to explain the Parable of the Sower, He described the "wayside" hearers as those from whom the precious seed is snatched at once by Satan before it has a chance to penetrate through the hard crust of the heart. The "stony ground" hearers joyfully receive the word, but being superficial—having "no root in themselves"—their experience is brief. The inevitable tribulation and persecution which all the followers of the Master are called to suffer, prove stumbling-blocks to them. Their profession is transient. Their "thorny soil" hearers are those whose hearts are preoccupied, who are so engrossed by "the cares of the world," "the deceitfulness of riches," and the "lusts of other things" that there is no room in them for the good seed; if it lodges there and finds root, it is shortly stifled. These, lastly, whose hearts resemble the "good ground," are the receptive and the patient. In them the seed finds lodgment. Germination, growth, and a harvest, varying but abundant—thirty, sixty, perhaps a hundred fold—reward the labor of the sower.

## III. Expository and Practical.

Verse 1. *He began again*—R. V., "again He began." *Sea side*—His favorite place, the shore of the Sea of Galilee. *Was gathered a great multitude* (R. V., "a great multitude")—"out of every city" (Luke); the greatest crowd yet, as the parable in the original implies. *A ship*—R. V., "a boat." *Sat in the sea*—His pulpit was a low one, and a floating one; and He followed the custom of the rabbis in sitting while He discoursed. The crowd probably heard the best way of arranging an audience, says Schaaf, "but the world seems to have discovered it quicker than the church." If the place was Bethesda, the beach rises rapidly, and forms a "natural church" (Macgregor); and Thomson states that at the north end of the sea were numerous inlets and creeks, "where the multitude, seated on both sides and before the boat, could listen without distraction or fatigue."Verse 2. *Taught many things*—Only a few of the "many" have been preserved. By parable (R. V., "in parables")—a marked change in His method of instruction, caused, in part, by the animosity of the Pharisees, and in part, to conserve, or perpetuate, the truths concerning His kingdom—"those truths," says Abbott, "which were sacred to encounter prejudice and opposition." He says further: "The parable differs from the proverb in being a narrative, from the fable in being true to nature, from the myth in being unexceptionable from the allegory in that it tells the spiritual truth."Verse 3. *He began*—calling particular attention. *Behold, there went out a sower*—R. V., "Behold, the sower went forth." There may have been one in sight, who had gone forth from his home some miles distant, to sow seed in a field within view of the Speaker and the crowd, but the imagery was so familiar that it is not necessary to suppose it; and the sight of such an one might have distracted attention.Verses 4-6. *It came to pass, as he sowed*—It chanced, or happened. *Fell by the wayside*—Flinging his seed broadcast, some fell beyond the limits of the ploughed land into the adjoining road, or in the foot-trail that intersected the unfenced field. *Fowls of the air*—R. V., "birds." *Stony ground*—R. V., "rocky ground"—"a thin soil over rocks," allowing no depth for root, and no chance for maturity. *Immediately*—R. V., "straightaway." *It sprang up*—The superficial soil in this case would retain the heat of the preceding day, and germination would be rapid. *No depth of earth*—R. V., "no deepness of earth;" "no scope for development downward, and hence the forces of the plant rushed prematurely upward" (Morrison). *When the sun came up*—R. V., "when the sun was risen." *Scorched*—because of no vigorous root and moisture to resist the sun's rays. *Withered away*—did not reach maturity.Verse 7. *Some fell among thorns*—R. V., "And others fell among the thorns." Very plentiful in Palestine, "no less than twenty-two words in the Hebrew Bible denoting thorny and prickly plants" (Whedon). Even when the fields were burned over, the roots of the thorns were not killed. *Thorns grew up and choked it*—The ranker growth of the thorns stifled, or suffocated, the feeble shoots. *It yielded no fruit*—All in vain its rooting and immolation. The soil in this case was good, but too largely preoccupied.Verse 8. *Good ground*—receptive, deep, and not otherwise occupied. *Fruit that sprang up and increased*—R. V., "fruit growing up and increasing." *Thirty, sixty, or a hundred* (R. V., "thirty, sixty, or a hundred")—The increase refers to the stalks, but the grains, the actual "fruit." The barley yield is greater than the wheat. "A thirty-fold," according to Thomson, is a good crop nowadays in Palestine. But, he adds, "Here, on this plain of Sidon, I have seen more than a hundred stalks from a single root, and each with a head bowing gracefully beneath the load of well-formed grains. The yield was more than a thousand-fold."Verse 9. *He that hath ears to hear, let him hear* (R. V., "who hath ears," etc.).—All have ears, but few have the faculty of spiritual discernment—but all do not use them.

Says Morrison: "It is quite a common phenomenon among men to misuse the ears, so that to hear the still small voice that speaks the most important truths. In a world like ours, in which there is such a din of noises, and in which there is so much to be seen and heard, it would be to be expected in hearing."

Verse 10. *When He was alone*—after He had finished His discourse to the multitude (which did not end at this point), and the crowd had dispersed; or it may refer to a temporary withdrawal at this time (Andrews). *They that were about Him*—"the disciples," according to Matthew and Luke, as well as the Twelve. *Asked Him the parable* (R. V., "they asked Him the parable"). "Why speakest Thou unto them in parables?" They inquired why He used this novel mode of teaching, and what the meaning of this particular parable was.Verse 11. *Unto you it is given to know the mystery*—R. V., "Unto you is given the mystery." Christ used the parable to conceal "the mystery," or "mysteries," of the new kingdom; not incomprehensible or obscure things, but secret things, not open; requiring to be revealed, and to be revealed only to the receptive. "He did not come merely to reveal the mystery of the Kingdom, or the mystery of the Church, or the mystery of the Cross," says Morrison, "but to reveal the reality of spiritual things which the masses of the Jews did not like to think of, and which therefore had to be veiled when it was spoken of in their presence." See St. Paul's explanation of "the mystery of godliness" in 1 Tim. 3: 16. *Them who are without*—a common expression, frequently used by St. Paul also, to denote those who are not disciples. *All these things*—R. V., "all things." *Are done in parables*—The reason is given in the next verse.

Sacred mysteries is a term applied to the doctrine of Christianity, of which the church is the incarnation of Christ. The profane mysteries were the secret ceremonies performed by a select body of initiates. They originated in Egypt, and were an institution of the priesthood to extend their own influence, so that all maxims of morality, tenets of philosophy, and dogmas in philosophy, were wrapped up in a veil of allegory and mystery. From the Egyptian mysteries of Isis and Osiris came those of Bacchus and Cybele among the Greeks. The Eleusinian Mysteries were introduced at Athens by Emmanus, a. c. 1536. The laws were, 1, to honor parents; 2, to honor the gods with the fruits of the earth; 3, not to treat brutes with cruelty. Cicero makes the civilization of mankind one of the beneficial results of the Eleusinian Mysteries. They were abolished by the Emperor Theodosius, a. d. 389 (Biblical Museum).

Verse 12. *That in order that; the parabolic style was chosen for a purpose. Seeing they may see and not perceive*—Mark uses Isaiah's prophecy (6: 9, 10) without directly quoting it. As applied, the meaning is that parables were used with the design not to produce blindness, but that they who chose to remain blind could do so; they could "see" the outside, but could "not perceive" the inner meaning, because they willfully ignored it. *May hear and not understand*—a change to another organ of perception merely, with the same idea. *Least at any time*—R. V., "lest haply." *They should be converted* (R. V., "should turn again")—The "lest" refers to the sinner, not to the hearer. The reason why they would "not perceive," was lost they should be led to turn and be forgiven.

Their moral unwillingness preceded their moral inability, and the latter was a divine judgment on the former (Schaaf). "Though they see the truth intuitively they shall not appreciate it spiritually; they see it as the horse sees the same prospect as his rider, without appreciation" (Abbott). "He was aware that in consequence of the inactivity of their perceptions, they could not, in the first instance, see the secret of the kingdom, without being repelled in spirit and confirmed in their present attitude. He wished, therefore, that they should not 'see.' But at the same time He wished that they should look, and keep looking, until they might possibly get such a glimpse of the inner glory as might fascinate their interest and attention; and by and by disarm their prejudices so that they might with safety be permitted to 'see' (Morrison). 'They willfully shut their eyes against the light, and therefore justly did Christ withhold safety by the nature of a parable, which had a bright side towards those who applied it to themselves, and were willing to be guided by it; but to those who were only willing for season to play with it, it only gave a flash of light now and then, but sent them away in the dark' (Henry)."

Verse 13. *Know ye not this parable*—so plain a one, too? not spoken harshly, however. *Know all parables*—not all possible parables, but others following and based on this.Verse 14. *The sower*—the preacher, including our Lord, who first preached the word of the Gospel, the apostles who followed Him in the proclamation of the same word, and their successors to the end. *Soweth the word*—

scatters broadcast in the soil of human hearts the seed of Gospel truth. The "seed" is the same for all who sow, and contains the principle of life and propagation. It is "quick and powerful." "The life of the seed depends on, 1, receiving it; 2, rooting it; 3, cultivating it" (Abbott).

Verse 15. *They by the wayside*—He takes this class first—the unresponsive, those whose hearts, like the road or foot-path, were hardened, beaten down; into which the seed could not enter; "idle spectators, curious, critical, caviling hearers" (Gray); "hearers who never allow the word to get under the surface of their thoughts" (Morrison); "duty recognized in the word, not felt" (Robertson). *Satan cometh immediately* (R. V., "straightaway cometh Satan")—"in Matthew," "the wicked one" in Luke, "the devil," in all three the personality and activity of the great adversary is taught. Satan goes to church, *Taketh away the word*—"snatcheth away," according to Matthew; by means of birds (passing thoughts and worldly desires), according to Mark and Luke. The soil was too hard to receive it, and it became the prey of the birds. "It is done in a moment—by a smile at the end of the sermon; by a silly criticism at the church-door; by foolish gossip on the way home. These are the fowls of the air which the Evil One uses in his task" (Farrar). *The word that was sown in their hearts*—R. V., "the word which hath been sown in them."

Have you ever seen grain scattered on the road? The sparrow from the housetop and the chickens from the barn rush in, and within a minute after it has been scattered not the shadow of a grain is left. This is the picture—not of thought crushed by degrees, but of thought dissipated, and no man can tell when or how it went. Swiftly do these winged thoughts come when we pray or read or hear, in our inattentive, sauntering, way-side hours, and before we can be upon our guard, the very traces of holier purposes have disappeared. In our purest moods, when we kneel to pray or gather around the altar, down into the crowd of holier purposes, down into the air, the villain fancies, down thoughts, the germ of life, the small seed of impression, is gone—where, you know not. But it is gone; intuitiveness of spirit, produced by want of spiritual interest, is the first cause of disappointment (F. W. Robertson).

Verse 16. *Sown on stony ground* (R. V., "sown upon the rocky places")—susceptible, emotional hearers, but superficial and shallow, and therefore transient. *Immediately receive it with gladness* (R. V., "straightaway receive it with joy")—the quick response of mere sensibilities.

"The effect is immediate and apparently good, but beneath the surface, easily stirred, is a harder than the trodden path" (Schaaf). "It is a hard heart, the factor of spiritual barrenness; it is a good thing, good in particular for objects that terminate on self, good for getting some good out of the world" (Morrison). "A young man of this stamp came to Christ—running, kneeling, full of heart, full of spirit, full of faith, and full of admiration, worship, and saying, 'Good Master!' Loveable and interesting as such always are, Jesus loved him. But it lay all on the surface, and he was not deep. The test of self-interest was applied to his apparent love. He was ready for anything. 'Well, so sell that thou hast!' It had sprung up quickly, but it withered because it had no root" (F. W. Robertson).

Verse 17. *No root in themselves*—only a thin receptivity and then the rock, "the heart of stone." *Endure but for a time* (R. V., but endure for awhile).—Another translation is, "is the creature of circumstances." *Afterward when affliction (R. V., "when tribulation")*—Of course such rootless presences will not stand the heat of oppression and storms of persecution which will inevitably beat upon them because of their stand "for the world's sake;" they have no stability. Those who have root are strengthened by such experiences. "A sinner from some leading spirit in a literary society, or a laugh raised by a gay circle of pleasure seekers in a fashionable drawing-room, or the idle jests of scoffing artisans in a workshop, may do as much as the fog and the stake to make a fair but false disciple deny his Lord" (Arnott). *Immediately they are offended* (R. V., "straightaway they are scandalized").The original "scandal" or *scandalum*, was a part of a trap for catching noxious animals. It was that part upon which the animal was expected to strike and snare; when once this "scandal" was struck the animal was ensnared. The persons referred to by our Lord are in this respect no different from the religion becomes a thing on which they stumble and stagger, and are held fast, or fall. It is all over with their profession (Morrison).Verse 18. *These are they*—R. V., "others are they." *Sown among thorns*—R. V., "sown among the thorns;" unfruitful because of a divided heart, in which evil gains the mastery at last. *Such as hear*—R. V., "these are they that have heard of the word of this world (R. V., 'the world')—anxious, distracting cares." "Some men allow them to draw and twist themselves, like the serpents of Laocoon, around every energy and susceptibility of their being" (Morrison). *Deceitfulness of riches*—"the pitiful passion for accumulation" luring the victim on, and which he does not himself suspect; "a false expectation or a false confidence in regard to wealth" (Schaaf). "The love of money is the root of all evil." *Lusts of other things*—besides money-lust; inordinate desires after such ennobling objects as, possibly, dress, stylishness of living, etc. *Choked the word*—There is no room in the soil of the heart, even though the soil be soft and deep, for both thorns and seed. The former strangles the latter. "The Church at Laodicea was thus 'choked' with thorns, Rev. 3: 17" (Abbott). *Became unfruitful*—The fruit does not mature. "It does nothing for the propagation of the word in the world."Verse 19. *These are they*—R. V., "These are they." *Which are sown on good ground* (R. V., "that were sown upon the good ground")—hearts tender, deep, not preoccupied, and consenting. *Receive it*—R. V., accept it. *Bring forth fruit*—R. V., "bear fruit." *Some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some a hundred*—R. V., "thirty-fold, and sixty-fold, etc."—They are all fruitful, but in different ratios, some eminently so. They bring forth "with patience," according to Luke, "enduring to the end."

## IV. Illustrative.

1. Nothing was henceforth left unused. The light, the games of childhood, the sighless wayside beggar, the foxes of the hills, the leathern bottles hung up for every ear, the patched or new garment, and even the noisy hen amidst her chickens, served, in turn, to illustrate some lofty truth. The sower on the hillside at hand, the flaming weeds among the corn, the common mustard plant, the leaven in the woman's dough, the treasure disclosed by the passing ploughshare, the pearl brought by the traveling merchant from distant lands, the dragnet seen daily on the Lake, the pitiless servant, the laborers in the vineyards around—any detail of every-day life—was elevated, as occasion demanded, to be the vehicle of the sublimest lessons. Others have uttered parables; but Jesus so far transcends them, that He may

justly be called the creator of this mode of instruction (Geikie).

2. Not without significance it is represented that the superficial character is connected with the hard heart. Beneath the light, thin surface of easily-stirred dust lies the bed of rock. The shallow ground was stony ground. And it is among the children of light enjoyment and unsettled life that we must look for stony heartlessness—not in the world of business, not among the poor, crushed to the earth by privation and suffering. That hardens the character, but often leaves the heart soft. If you wish to know what hollowiness and heartlessness are, you must seek for them in the world of light, elegant, superficial fashion, where frivolity has turned the heart into a rock-bed of selfishness. Say what men will of the heartlessness of trade, it is nothing compared with the heartlessness of fashion. Say what they will of the atheism of science, it is nothing to the atheism of that round of pleasure in which the heart lives, dead while it lives (F. W. Robertson).

3. What an illustration the speech which a dying, despairing man addressed to one under whose ministry he had sat for twenty years! "I have never," he cried, "heard a single sermon!" The minister, to whom his face was quite familiar, who had known him for years as a regular attendant at church, looked astonished, fancied that he was raving under the delirium of his approaching end. No, not at all! The man was in his sad and sober senses. "I attended church," he exclaimed, "but my habit was, so soon as you began the sermon, to begin a review of last week's trade, and to anticipate and arrange the business of the next." Now, in like manner, to a greater or less extent, Satan deals with thousands who occupy pews in the Church (T. Guthrie).

4. We may note that there is in these three classes a progress, and that a threefold one: (1) In time; the first receives a hindrance at the very outset—the seed never springs up; the second, after it has sprung up, but soon after; the third, when it has entered, sprung up, and come to maturity; or while it is so coming. (2) In apparent degree. The climax is apparently from bad to better; the first, understand not; the second, understand and feel; the third, understand, feel, and practice. But also (3) in real degree, from bad to worse. Less ardent is the state of those who understand not the word and lose it immediately, than that of those who feel it, receive it with joy, and in time of trial fall away; less awful, again, this last, than that of those who understand, feel, and practice, but are fruitless and impure. It has been noticed also that the first is more the fault of careless, inattentive childhood; the second of ardent, shallow youth; the third, of worldly, self-seeking age (Alford).

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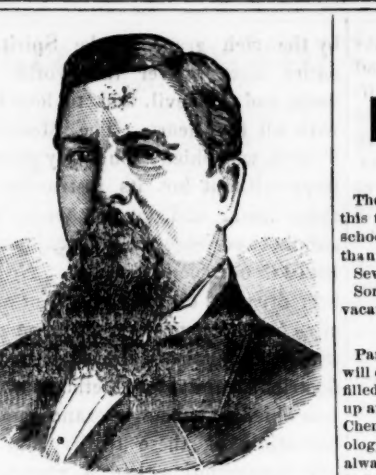
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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

## ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1882.

In one way or another, man is almost uninterruptedly exposed to the evil influences of Satan, robed as an angel of light. At one time or another, there is occasion for every man to say to his own soul:—

"Be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies."

We need to bear in mind that true religion is inward, in the spirit and not in the letter; we need to remember that the "kingdom of God" is not a matter of "meat and drink," that it does not consist in any outward observances, but in "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And wherever true religion abides in a human heart, its fruits are found in the outward life.

Words and actions are instruments of power when they are born of the Spirit of God in the heart; but they are weak and worthless when they spring from a desire to be considered that which we are not. What we need is "truth in the inward parts," a love of truth, a spirit of truth, a habit of truth. While we trust in Christ, we are to aim to be like Christ. He is to be our Lord and Master, as well as our Sacrifice for sin.

The direction of Christ to His disciples is to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." They are to study and aim to win men to the truth. They are not to say or do anything which loyalty to truth does not require them to say or do. They are to be careful not to alienate men from the truth by unsmooth methods or undue severity in presenting the truth. There is a peculiar requirement in every occasion and every audience which the wise, moral and religious teacher will endeavor to understand and meet.

"The pure in heart shall see God." Thus spake the Master. It must therefore be true that none but the pure in heart can see God. "In fact," says Julius Hare, "every impurity is like a cloud spreading before our spiritual eye, and blotting out God from our sight." Seeing, then, that there is no intensity of bliss comparable to that which fills the soul that beholds the glory of the Father in the face of the Son, how earnestly should men desire purity! Nor is that most precious of heavenly gifts far from any genuine seeker. God offers it to him who believes. He waits with it at the gate of each man's affection. Why, then, O thou that hungrily after purity, dost thou not stretch out the hand of faith and take this inestimable blessing?

Every preacher, especially the man of high culture, is in danger of unconsciously falling into the habit of taking more pleasure in his sermons than in the truths which they set forth. Ruskin warns artists against a similar tendency in their profession, observing: "Wherever art is practiced for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he does and produces, instead of in what he interprets or exhibits, there art has an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart; and it is, in long as pursued, in the destruction both of intellectual power and moral principle." The same result follows wherever a preacher habitually delights in his sermon more than in the Christ whose doctrines it teaches. Having learned to be more concerned about the approval of his sermons by the people than about their spiritual results, his delight in Christ rapidly diminishes, and his vanity increases. Thus his heart being corrupted, his intellect is no longer nourished by spiritual feeling, and it consequently loses its true inspiration. Then his sermons, however artistic and rhetorically beautiful they may be, become cold, tame, mechanical and powerless. The preacher, like the artist, is demoralized, and can never recover his lost power, except by returning to his former supreme delight in Christ.

The tender affection for his people proper to a pastor is touchingly illustrated by Paul in his dealings with the church at Corinth. Having seen it necessary to write a sharp rebuke to that

church because of certain immoralities practiced by some of its members, and tolerated, for a time, by the body itself, he subsequently laid his heart open to them, that they might see the motive which gave such a keen point to his pen. "Out of much affliction and anguish of heart," he says, "I wrote unto you with many tears; not that ye should be grieved, but that ye might know the love which I have more abundantly unto you." Here we have a pastor's love causing him to feel affliction and anguish of heart so keen as to make his eyes flood-gates for his many tears. George Herbert gives strong expression to this intensity of a genuine pastor's regard when he addresses his sinning church, saying:—

"O mother, dear and kind,  
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,  
As many eyes as stars? . . .  
With these two poor ones I'll kiss all the dew  
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!"

The minister whose lip curls with contempt at these strong expressions of Paul and Herbert, must be lacking in genuine pastoral affection for his flock. No true pastor is a stranger to such heart agony at times.

### NOT EXCEPTIONAL, BUT NORMAL.

A few days since, a daughter of one of the leading ministers of the New England Conference forty years ago, who was quite young herself when her father died, having had her memories and sympathies freshened by standing in a pulpit where her father formerly preached, to deliver (and a very able and eloquent speaker she is) a temperance lecture, inquired very earnestly of one who knew him as to the personal and religious characteristics of her father. After asking him as to the style of his preaching, whether he showed evidences of thought and reading, whether he was chiefly argumentative or persuasive, she started up rather abruptly with the question, "How did he stand upon the subject of holiness?"

Now the question of the devoted daughter and very intelligent Christian lady referred rather to the one aspect of the doctrine of holiness set forth in modern times in a special form. She meant to ask what were his views and his manner of treating, as a pastor, the subject of Christian perfection or entire sanctification. This awakened a series of suggestive recollections in the mind of the person addressed. In the days of her father and his, and of the first and second generations of Methodist preachers in New England, there were no special circles in the church cultivating this or any one alone of the precious doctrines of grace. They would as readily have appointed special services for advocating and securing the blessing of the witness of the Spirit, established papers and periodicals, and held protracted religious services for this purpose, as for the blessing of "perfect love." The church then and now needed these emphatic measures just as much (and no more) in one case as in the other. But the golden chain in those days was never broken and distributed in parts. The whole plan of salvation was definitely and always set forth as both the privilege and the duty of attainment on the part of every believer. The Atonement was preached as covering all the necessities occasioned by sin, and securing to every believer justification, adoption with the seal of the Spirit, cleansing, and the triumph of divine love over all the subdued and sanctified passions and appetites. There was no intermission provided between the early hours of peace in believing and the earnest prayer for the purification of the sanctuary and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The first work after a revival was to lead the young disciples forward in all the possibilities of the divine life, both as to heavenly enjoyment and hearty practical consecration to the Master's service.

The chief office of the class-meeting was to aid Christians in apprehending all for which they had been apprehended in Christ Jesus. These were the true "higher life" and "holiness meetings." They were not simply for those endowed with a special experience or panting after one, but for every member of the church able to attend. The questions asked had reference to those marked eras in the spiritual life—a divine persuasion of sonship, and a hungering and thirsting after the image of God in the soul.

In those days it cost something of social sacrifice to become united with the Methodist Church. No one came to it on account of its worldly respectability; but it held and illustrated in many rich experiences the deeper and sweeter fellowships of the Holy Spirit. It was considered in the older Congregational churches a rare blessing, and its possibility of attainment doubted—for one to know, by a heavenly testimony, that he was at any given moment an adopted member of the family of God, or that it was possible in a world of temptation, while still in the flesh, to enjoy,

by the rich grace of the Spirit, an entire victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to love God with all the heart. The Methodist Church was chiefly sought by persons from without for its instruction on these lines, and for the tender and simple experiences of their enjoyment heard in our social services. No one ever dreamed of having special exercises for the exposition of these doctrines; they formed the only peculiar doctrinal capital of Methodism. It was chiefly for the utterance and illustration of these truths that the new denomination had a reason for separate existence. They formed what was called Methodism, inside of its sacrificial itinerant plan of distributing its ministers, and its members were expected to be able to give a Scriptural and experimental reason for their faith in these doctrines.

Within the compass of their class-meetings were smaller circles called bands, composed of two or three persons drawn to each other by mutual natural and religious sympathies, meeting often together to aid each other in the heavenly pilgrimage. These meetings were ample and effective. While in those days there were few that set themselves apart to teach and enforce the advanced steps in the divine life, and while it was never suggested that there should be separate meetings in the church for those who desired to wholly consecrate themselves to God, at every service rare and golden experiences were related, and sweet and beautiful, as well as earnest and active, Christian lives were nurtured, the moral power of which everybody acknowledged. It was exceptional to hear these high and broad experiences measured off in set terms with their specific boundaries and names; it was never suggested that these rich endowments were not as necessary for one member of the church as another; there was no special and royal road of holiness, which some passed over to Paradise, while the others toiled heavily along in the dusty and dangerous ways of worldliness and unbelief and still reached heaven. The moral power and light of the church was not removed from the body of communicants to enable the few to hold delightful fellowship by themselves; but the possession of a divine gift involved in their convictions the responsibility of using it for the common good.

Of course it is not the intention of the devout men and women who are impressed with the vital importance of holiness in the church to create this impression, but unfounded as it may be, and doubtless is, the result of this outside movement, with all the good it has accomplished, is to take away in a considerable degree the very crown from the church itself. This cluster of gracious doctrines, which it was the honor of Methodism to set forth, is brought to appear as by no means its special possession, and their declaration its peculiar mission; but this work, its chief, as among the Christian families, must be delegated to another body partly within and largely without its communion. God forbid that this should be the fact! The withdrawal for separate exercise and worship of the most earnest and devout of the membership, leaves the remainder deprived of its spiritual life, and creates in the minds of young members an idea that, after all, there is something eccentric about it; that it is not a legitimate part of pure religion; that it is a species of weak fanaticism, and is rather to be resisted than coveted.

But this is not the truth. We still believe in the communion of saints and the fellowship of the Spirit. We preach a Gospel that both pardons and sanctifies. We know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, and that a believing soul may be made perfect in love in the present life. These truths we love to preach from the pulpit, urge in the social circle, and pray for at all times. They are not the exceptional, but the normal, experiences of fervent and faithful saints.

### ONE GREAT CAUSE OF RUSSIA'S TROUBLE.

It is no exaggeration to say that Russia has to contend with even a greater fiend than Nihilism; and that is universal drunkenness among the lower, and especially the agricultural, classes.

For over twenty years the Russians have been making laudable efforts to improve the condition of the millions of serfs liberated by the action of Alexander II. Parcels of land were awarded to them on their liberation, for which they were to pay, at certain periods, moderate sums in the form of rent, so that in time the land would become theirs. Instruments of agriculture were given to them at a moderate price, seeds were donated, and

back-rents remitted to many who were not able to pay.

But in spite of all these advantages their poverty became greater from year to year, and in many regions where the government was in the habit of collecting a moderate revenue, it now gets absolutely nothing; and those who would get anything from the peasants could only do so by seizing and selling what they could find. Now, why this dire poverty among a class that is generally supposed to be able to keep above water? The usual reply is, "Rum," which the Russian peasant will drink to excess whenever he can get it; and to do this he will mortgage land, and pawn or sell anything else that can be used to obtain money.

And this is not because of the poverty of the soil, for Russia is a rich land, and sparsely populated, and capable of competing in this line with western Europe. In southern Russia, whence come such stores of wheat, the earth is covered with a rich black soil, sometimes several feet in thickness, and it needs only good treatment and renewal to make it a perpetual source of wealth. Some Russian economists have complained that the liberated serfs have not land enough, and the Emperor has seriously thought of awarding them more; but on second thought he deemed it best to lighten their payments and extend the term of these. This measure has just been carried out by the present Emperor, who has released the former serfs from about \$10,000,000 of the claims against them by their former lords. But all this will do no good, in the opinion of many; it will simply give the peasant the opportunity to consume more of their burning rum. Money with them is the root of all evil, in that it enables them to drink more wildly.

The Russian will have his grog as the Norwegian his herring. When the peasants were still bondmen, their owners could control them, and drunkenness was much more rare. They were fed and clothed, and but little money came into their hands; and many now maintain that they were better off as bondmen than as freedmen. Since they have had their liberty, they have used it largely to imbibe themselves with rum. Friends would give them seed to plant and crop; and when the following season would appear with no grain in their fields, the simple reason would be that the seed was sold for liquor and the land was left fallow. The cow or the pig was sold or pledged that money might be obtained with which to visit the liquor shop. And one motive for the persecution against the Jews in southern Russia at the present moment is the fact that all the land is falling into their hands by foreclosure, mortgaged in order to obtain money for drink.

Russian statesmen have long known this, but have been at a loss to know how to meet the evil and check it. At last they have resorted to a plan whereby to check and control the sale and use of liquor. A large commission was appointed, composed of men of varied experience with the masses, whose business it would be to form a code of liquor laws intended to suppress at least the fearful abuse of rum. This commission seems to be meeting the question in a very earnest manner, and has suggested a code which will be probably adopted, and one that tends greatly to reduce the number of places where liquor may be sold in a village or commune, and restricts the sale to any individual in great amount, or who habitually drinks to excess.

The State is suffering in localities because the taxes cannot be raised; these in future will be collected in block from communities, so that if the poor cannot pay, the rich must. This will force the thrifty element of the community to look after the lazy and dissolute, and make local laws that will prevent them from drinking up all they have, so that their creditors will have nothing but their debts. Industrious peasants will not thus in future become the victims of their lazy and debauched neighbors. This deeply-rooted evil will not be cured in a day nor in years, and some fear not at all, because the love of strong drink is so deeply imbedded in the Russian palate and custom. A part of the trouble lies in the fact that it is not disgraceful to become beastly drunk on festive occasions, whether in private houses or in public places of resort. The authorities of the city of Moscow, it is affirmed, on a recent festival in the city, reported not less than three thousand cases of excessive drunkenness. Several hundred of these were cared for by the police, but most of them by their friends. It is the etiquette of the country that a friend must never pass by one of his acquaintances in the street too drunk to help himself, without seeing him safely home. And every Russian hack-driver knows that he is sure of

a good fee for picking up any drunken gentleman and taking him home. Now, if such things be true, we opine that the commission has been formed none too soon.

### Editorial Items.

The English papers have been very busy in their criticisms upon the brutal manners of American citizens during the Guiteau trial, but they will find no parallel in this country to the treatment to which the Salvation Army has been lately exposed in Sheffield and other places. We have nothing to say in defense of the dress and modes of these singular Christian laborers. Their appearance in the same guise in our streets might excite them to the open ridicule of the roughs, but it is safe to say that there is no city in this country (possibly San Francisco might be excepted) where defenseless and inoffensive persons on their way to a religious service would be attacked with missiles and their lives periled, without the interference of the magistrates and city police. Gen. Booth, the head of this remarkable militant but weaponless force, with his followers, was holding a series of meetings in a public hall in Sheffield. They moved in procession through the streets to the place of gathering, making, indeed, a somewhat peculiar troop. Three carriages held the officers of the army. There was a brass band in the procession; but the most conspicuous person was a well-known converted wrestler, who rode a gray horse, and had on a scarlet uniform which had been presented to him. In the procession were women in their simple costumes as well as men. The roughs commenced an attack upon them, throwing mud and bricks freely at them. But they pressed on, women and men, without resistance, their faces bleeding and their garments covered with mire. The wrestler was struck in the back of his head and was carried, dangerously wounded, to the hospital. There was no apology for the failure of the magistrates to enforce order, as they had made no intimation to the "Army" that their services would provoke disorder. These persecutions are much like the discipline to which the early Methodists were subjected, and the "Army," like the latter, seems to thrive under the treatment, although it is a sad commentary upon the civilization of the close of the nineteenth century. The modes of the "Army" are certainly open to criticism, but they are snatching men from drunkenness and the lowest crimes, and making good citizens, and even excellent home missionaries, of them. Their growth and effectiveness is something wonderful. We must admit that a supernatural power is with them. They are now numbered by tens of thousands. "It is not by might . . . but by my Spirit," saith the Lord.

A contribution in last week's *Independent* has special interest just at this hour when Egypt stands in such a peculiar relation to England and France, her fate depending upon the protection of these nations, who are largely the creditors of Egypt, to protect him from Turkey on the one side and his own army on the other; while the relation of these two protecting nations as to their common interests in this country is far from being satisfactorily defined. Mr. John Eliot Bowen, with several Americans, enjoyed a familiar and very interesting interview with the Khedive on the last New Year's day. Mr. Bowen was impressed with the commanding appearance of the Egyptian ruler, his intelligence, his courteousness and excellent sense. He conversed with entire freedom, and set forth his plans for securing three great reforms in his country—religious, political and educational. He seeks to establish religious freedom, adding freely some of the Protestant missions and abolishing as rapidly as possible certain barbarous Mohammedan customs. He is seeking to induce monogamy, setting the example himself in his own family. He wishes to establish public schools as in the United States, whose prosperity he attributes to the general education. He sends his sons to the common schools, which are now established in the large Egyptian towns. He contributes himself out of his private purse \$75,000 a year for the support of these schools, and 80,000 children are now instructed in them. He has determined upon the establishment of schools for the education of girls and young women. One institution of this character is about to be opened in Cairo, where he proposes to send his own little daughter, and where the nobility of Egypt, following his example, will send theirs also. All this shows wonderful progress, and we shall feel a much livelier interest in the fate of Egypt, and especially of its noble ruler, during the trying period which is now just before this country. The hour of prophecy which foretold that this land, from being one of the most exalted, should become the basest of kingdoms, may have been fulfilled, and a morning of hope be about to dawn upon this ancient people.

We have received an early copy of the great philosophical work of Prof. Bowen, which will mark an era in the discussion between materialists and intuitionists, and between skeptics and theistic believers. The work is a substantial octavo of 324 pages. It offers no deceptive attraction in its title. It is far from being light reading, although the Professor's vivacious style, his keen sarcasm and effective wit greatly enliven these solid pages of pure connected thought and iron logic. The volume bears the title of "Metaphysics: A Study in First Principles." We have not yet by any means mastered it, having only read the admirable introduction and a few pages of the main work. If we had read the whole, we have not space to give an adequate idea of so elaborate a volume in a short newspaper note. He divides his work into three

parts—ontology, the notion of being; cosmology, our existence in a universe; and psychology, our intellectual existence.

Our philosopher, as he looks back from the termination of his study, finds life to be a more complex and mysterious fact than many esteem it. He declares that there is no possibility of saving reason from an absolute distrust of itself and its conclusions, save as it rests upon a theistic basis—rational science is impossible as an atheistic or materialistic theory—and that the law of necessity, which is supposed to rule in nature, is largely a shadow of the mind's own throwing. Finally, he asserts that the grounds of objective certainty in our knowledge of the finite lies neither in psychology nor in metaphysics alone, but chiefly in our moral convictions of what ought to be. If these fall, then logic can only declare that there is no longer any warrant for regarding our world vision, with all that it contains, as more than our private dreams. To read this thoughtful volume will be a wholesome intellectual discipline, as well as a strong confirmation of faith in revealed religion as the true philosophy of the universe and of man. The work is published in clear type by Harper & Brothers, New York, and will soon be found at the Depository.

The Third Annual Report of the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, is not as voluminous as either the reports of the separate State Boards of Health or Charity were formerly, but seems, in a sufficiently exhaustive manner, to discuss all needed features in the various departments it supervises. The policy of the State has been wonderfully changed in the last few years. Instead of building expensive public institutions, it seeks rather (except perhaps in the instance of the insane and criminals) to scatter and separate the dependent classes; to raise them as rapidly as possible out of this condition; and to have all institutional discipline aim at this result. This is particularly true in reference to houses of reform. Massachusetts was early in the field for the rescue of exposed and criminal children. She was supposed to have model reformatories. They were visited by representatives from other States and from the opposite continent. But a great change has occurred. Westborough, from 400, is reduced to about 100 lads and young men, and Lancaster from 150 girls to less than fifty. There are young persons enough in the State to be secured, but confidence in these schools has in some way been weakened, if not destroyed. The present report urges the giving up of the noble buildings at Westborough for the use of the criminal insane, transferring the boys' school to the buildings at Lancaster, and connecting the Lancaster school with the State Primary at Monson, or with the women's prison at Sherburne. Perhaps this is wise, but we are confident that if proper attention were given to the age and character of the inmates, Lancaster might be made to be again a wholesome school of industry for 150 girls; and without doubt there are more than that number of girls constantly in peril in the State for lack of just discipline as they could and ought to receive in such an institution properly managed. The report treats clearly and ably the various conditions of the institutions of lunacy in the State, and the general question of insanity, and enters at length, under the subject of State Health, upon the very important question of sewerage. The facts collected and suggestions made by experts should command attention from all intelligent citizens. The usual exhaustive statistics are given, and the report altogether is an interesting and valuable document.

Mr. Seney, who is one of the rare men who has learned how to take his hand out of his pocket as well as to put it in to his astonishment, quite unlike himself, opened his heart to an interview, or the other day, if the writer tells the truth, as it seems probable. But he certainly spoke to the purpose, and his golden words deserve being printed and placed over every merchant's and banker's desk:—

"First of all," he said to the *Tribune* reporter, as his reason for liberal giving, "because I feel that I am a trustee, responsible for the right use of the money given me. With the experience that I have, I believe that I am the person best qualified to carry out the provisions and duties of that trusteeship. What certainty have I that these provisions and duties would ever be duly carried out after my death? Absolutely none. Whereas now, by making these gifts in my lifetime, I am sure that the precise object I desire is accomplished in just the way I want. And then, too, I am more and more convinced of the truth of the words: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The great danger of increasing riches is that it fosters a disposition to hoard money only for the sake of hoarding it. Slightly to alter a common word, it becomes a money-mania with them; they gloat over their millions just because they are millions, and not because of the happiness producible from them. Now I maintain that such a spirit is unworthy not only of a true Christian but of a true man, and I have determined never to let it appear in my character."

His gifts to date amount to \$1,485,000. May God bless him!

### BRIEF MENTION.

A new feature in the Channey Hall exhibition, next Thursday afternoon, will be a competitive drill, by six sergeants, for a silver medal offered by the class of '76.

Prof. Raymond's first Shakespeare reading before Lasell Seminary, postponed from last week, will be given to-night (Wednesday), Feb. 8.

The smallest congregations for years waited upon the New England ministry last Sabbath. Our cities and towns were buried in snow. It was a good opportunity to repeat Dr. Beecher's one-hour sermon.

Rev. S. H. Noon, of the Weston and Lincoln churches, has caught the editorial fever. It promises to go lightly with him, however. He awakened much sympathy in the community, and what he said and wrote

in hours of consciousness will be preserved as a pleasant memento.

Bishop R. S. Foster was elected last week as the preacher of the next session before the Governor and the General Court. If the Bishop lives, our legislators will hear something worth remembering.

Miss Nettie Wentworth, daughter of Rev. Dr. Wentworth, enters the New England College of Music department of Boston University, this term, to complete the required course, most of which she has already gone over under private instruction, and to graduate as piano teacher.

The long-heralded, greatly-pettied and newspaper-noticed Rugby Colony, in Tennessee, seems to have reached the point of absolute financial failure. It had too many gentlemen and ladies and too few rough-handed laboring men. Forced growths are always weak and liable to perish upon exposure. Gloves must always give way to freckles.

The beginning of the end in the case of the wretched assassin is reached. The execution of his counsel were overruled on last Saturday by Judge Cox in a calm, clear argument, amid the characteristic exclamations and blasphemies of Guiteau. The murderer was then solemnly sentenced to hang, within the walls of the prison, Friday, June 30.

The telegraph reports the session and close of the Mexican M. E. Mission Conference in the City of Mexico, Bishop Andrews presiding. Twenty-three American and Mexican members were in attendance. The reports of the last year showed remarkable progress and very encouraging prospects in the future. The openings for churches are far beyond our means and men at present. We shall have full reports soon from our correspondents.

An unexpected reinforcement is proffered in the present crusade against polygamy in Utah. A body of "Reformed Mormons" appear in Washington, declaring that the orthodox Mormon Church is opposed to the polygamous policy of Brigham Young and his successors. Just what they hope to accomplish does not at once appear. The Greeks are to be feared (however) hearing girls.

We have received a copy of the Manual and Directory of the Cottage School, M. E. Church, Cambridgeport, Mass., of which Rev. Alfred Noon is pastor. It is a very well-arranged and useful little tract, and will be invaluable for the successor of the present active minister. It contains a large amount of local and denominational information in a portable form, with the residences of all the members.

As we look up our columns this week the Methodist sons of old Methodist Alley, Bennett St. and Hanover St. churches are crowding Wesleyan Hall, enjoying a delightful and memorable reunion. Worthy should the sons of such devoted fathers and mothers as formerly made the first years of these houses of worship fountains of piety and grace from which streams of salvation flowed forth over the whole city and vicinity. We shall have a full account of the gathering next week.

The *Art Amateur* for February opens with six full-page designs for china painting and plaques. It has a severe editorial review of the case of Gen. Di Censola, charged with tampering with his Cyprian collections, introducing among them those that are not genuine. Oscar Wilde is treated also with the contempt which he merits. The usual large amount of interesting art miscellany is given, with full departments of various forms of decoration. Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York city.

The three lectures of Rev. A. A. Wright before the Theological School awakened great interest. Those of our ministers who lost the hearing of them missed a source of much gratification and instruction. The occasion for a revision of the sacred text of the New Testament, the sources and their comparative value in forming a critical apparatus, and the blemishes and beauties of the late revision, were set forth with admirable clearness and great fulness of illustration. Biblical students in all our institutions should hear them, and they ought to be preserved in a permanent book form.

George Munro, New York, issues the February numbers of the three leading and popular English monthlies—the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly Review*. Unlike our monthlies, which are lighter (except, perhaps, the *Atlantic*) and more miscellaneous, these periodicals deal with the leading social, political, literary, scientific and religious topics of the hour, and present the freshest, if not the most substantial, English thought upon the chief themes suggested in the world of thought and action. Several of the topics in the January issue we may consider in our columns hereafter. These solid periodicals are published for \$2.25 a year.

The pages of the *Christian Register* of last week are largely devoted to appreciative memorials of the late Dr. H. W. Bellows. No minister in the denomination was more widely known or generally respected outside his own pale than Dr. Bellows. His eloquence and self-sacrificing labors as the head of the Sanitary Commission in the late war, his lively interest in social science and all questions relating to the public welfare, his magnetic address as a platform speaker, his high personal character as a minister, all minister in the denomination was more widely known or generally respected outside his own pale than Dr. Bellows. 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## The Family.

MARGARET.

Through the doorway shone the summer morning,  
Rich with bloom to tempt the honey bees,  
Small blue waves ran whispering to the edges,  
White sails curved to feel the eager breeze.

I remember still the loon's weird laughter,  
And the gray gulls wheeling overhead,  
Then a low voice, full of pity, saying,  
"Did they tell you little Margaret was dead?"

"Little Margaret. You see the daisies  
Growing, knee-deep, on the windy hill;  
How she loved the bonny roadside blossoms!  
She is dead, and they are blowing still."

"If a bird dropped, sudden, into silence,  
One with ear attent would miss its lay;  
Is there anywhere a heart of nature  
That can give for music passed away?"

"You remember all her winsome beauty;  
God had made her very sweet and fair;  
Are such graces wholly lost in dying?  
Do you think she can be sweeter over there?"

"And if you and I some day should meet  
Crowned and radiant, by the river side,  
Do you think that we should surely know  
For the self-same little Margaret who died?"

Only tears for answer—while the thrushes  
Filled the leafy covert with their glee;  
Idle butterflies went drifting past us,  
Golden blossoms blown along the lea;

In its green cup lay the shining water,  
All its blue waves blossomed into spray;  
On the hill the crowding ranks of daisies  
Tossed their heads like children at their play;

Through the doorway shone the summer morning,  
Not a tint of all its freshness fled;  
Only we, two, sitting in our sadness,  
Mourned that little Margaret was dead.

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, in *Christian Union*.

### THE MORMON PROBLEM.

BY REV. F. B. GRAVES.

[Concluded.]

A passive policy, like the encouragement of non-Mormon immigration, except in union with a policy more active, like a vigorous execution of existing laws, cannot bring about the desired result. But one of the methods proposed by Senator Edmunds, and which he regards as adequate, would be even less successful than others that have been proposed. He says: "Another effectual disposition of the subject might be made in the annexation of different parts of the territory to the contiguous States and Territories, by which the concentrated strength of the voting power of the hierarchy would be broken, and political Mormonism would find itself in a minority in the making and administration of local laws."

Now, this would only serve to increase tenfold the power of Mormonism. The evil does not depend for its growth or decline upon the extent of territory that it covers, nor is it an evil because it is in the majority in Utah. It is intrinsically, and of itself, an evil. If the Mormon religion can carry its principles into practice, through Mormon legislation, in a Territory of 80,000 square miles, it could do the same in a Territory of 40,000 or 200,000 square miles.

If in the Territory now known as Utah, this religion can make proselytes to its faith, it could do so well if it was divided among the adjacent States and Territories, or if portions of these were added to Utah.

The non-Mormon population might be increased for a time, but this would only arouse the Mormons to more extensive measures to call new adherents into their church, so that ultimately the State or Territory would be on its original footing. In the short space of nineteen years the Mormons have increased from a mere handful of believers to 60,000 faithful disciples in 1866; and of what possible use would it be, therefore, to divide and add to the Territory? Whatever the method of addition or division, the Mormons would keep together and cluster like bees to sting either new California, or new Oregon, or new Utah. The supposition is groundless that in this way anti-Mormon and anti-polygamic laws might be enacted and enforced by the new Territory or the new State, for they would soon be repealed by a pro-Mormon and a pro-polygamic legislature.

But there are other objections, which I will suggest. The people of California or the other States and Territories might object to thus being put at the mercy of such a community. Again, the right of Congress to add territory, on their refusal, for such a purpose, is doubtful, to say the least. Again, polygamy would find a home in a State, if portions of Utah were annexed to the contiguous States, which would increase the difficulties. Again, the presence of 100,000 polygamists or Mormons in a State would most effectually bar the material, social and moral progress of that State.

Now, then, in what relation does polygamy stand to the rest of the United States? Is it so contrary to their social institutions that it can be called a crime? Congress, by an act passed in 1862, so declared it. Be-

ing placed in the same criminal category with bigamy, incest or adultery, why cannot the law be enforced against it? If the law can be enforced against those who are adulterous or incestuous, why can it not be enforced against those who are polygamous? Ah! polygamy, unlike adultery and incest, is made a part of their religion. But how long would a community be tolerated within the boundaries of the latitude and longitude over which floated the stars and stripes, which made a belief in, and practice of, incest or adultery a part of their religious creed? To encourage such belief and practice by allowing it to exist would—but then! It is not sufficient excuse to say that no witnesses can be found to establish the facts, or that no jury can be found to pronounce a verdict of guilty, when the government has these things as much in its control as the annihilation of the evil itself.

I submit, then, that if Congress has the right to denounce polygamy as a crime and enact laws upon it, Utah being a Territory, it has also the right to enact laws as to the method of discovering polygamists and bringing them to justice. I submit that in the light of the facts, the general government ought to provide laws adapted to a polygamous community in one of its Territories, so thorough and complete that biased witnesses and prejudiced juries cannot hinder the annihilation of the evil. I submit that it ought to provide such laws as would give a learned judiciary an opportunity to work; for with the present laws, adapted equally as well to a civil community in which adultery is committed and abhorred as to a religious community in which polygamy is practiced and cherished, no advancement can possibly be made. A polygamous witness-stand, a polygamous jury-box, and a polygamous bench, within the jurisdiction of that government of which Washington and Jackson and Lincoln have been the honored and fearless administrators, are a deep disgrace. The fanatics of Manchester have developed into the one hundred thousand fanatics of Utah, and still the harlot lives.

### A SLAVE.

BY EMMET E. REXFORD.

I heard him, one day, in the pulpit  
Thank God that he stood there free;  
No fetters were forged that could bind him  
In accursed slavery.

And I thought, as he stood before me  
In the pride of his manhood's prime,  
That of all grand sights, a free man  
Was surely most sublime.

I had found what I long had sought for—  
A man who was wholly free;  
And I said, "It is good, my brother,  
Stand fast in your liberty!"

I saw him again, and my vision  
Of a free man faded away;  
For the man I had reckoned a hero,  
I found but common clay.

For he said, as the smoke curled upward  
From his fourth cigar that day,  
"Without my cigars I am nothing;  
With them, what was he, pray?"

He had boasted of being a free man;  
Instead, an abject slave;  
And I smiled when I thought of his sermon,  
And the lie his habits gave.

### "PRECIOUS BABY!"

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

One day when the baby was learning  
To walk, she started to go across the room,  
And fell. Papa looked up from his reading,  
And in a pitying tone said,  
"Precious baby!" but never moved a hand  
To help her up, or to soothe her pain.  
The nurse picked up the little one, soothed  
And quieted her; the father never thinking  
that he had done all a father ought  
when he had called her a "precious baby."

In a neighborhood in town the next day,  
An excellent family was found to be  
In very destitute circumstances, sickness  
and death revealing to their little world  
what pride had kept hidden.

A wealthy neighbor, in speaking of them,  
said, "I was very much shocked when  
I learned of the circumstances of the B's.  
I never dreamed that they had been  
living all winter on bread alone. I hope  
something will be done for them."

"Let's go in and see them, and carry  
something," said another neighbor.

"I have so much to do just now that  
it is not convenient. But if you go, you  
tell Mrs. B. how sorry I am," was the  
selfish reply.

Without thinking that I was speaking  
aloud I said, "Precious baby!"

One week the leader of the young people's meeting was obliged to be absent.  
He asked the pastor to take his place,  
but he, too, was expecting to be away,  
but recommended Brother Fisher as  
one willing and capable of doing the work.  
The pastor is not as well acquainted  
with Brother Fisher as was the leader  
of the young people's class.

The leader had known Brother Fisher  
several years, had heard him speak and  
pray in public, but had never known of  
his once lifting a finger to help carry  
the burdens of the church or for the  
good of the town. But to Bro. Fisher  
he went and made known his desire.

"Really, I am sorry that I cannot do  
it," was the not unexpected reply;  
"but in the first place I am not capa-

ble of taking charge of the class. I could not begin to fill your place. Beside, I don't feel very well to-day, and by to-morrow night I could not say that I should be able to take on an added burden."

"My time is so limited that I find it impossible to see another person. Will you get some one for me?" asked the leader.

"Well, I should be glad to accommodate you, but I really don't know of any one who would take it, or even would feel capable of doing so."

The leader felt somewhat hurt and insulted, but it was only another way of saying, "Precious baby!"

There was a lady who belonged to our church. She had small children and poor health. I have seen her at every concert, lecture, or place of entertainment which I have attended for three years in succession, but only at church twice in this time. She realized, as only a woman of her egotism could realize, how much good she could do in the church; and to have heard her tell how much she would like to be present in the house of the Lord, and to work for Him, and her great grief that her health and children prevented her from being there, would have rent one's heart if they did not think while she was talking, "Precious baby!"

"Ah! how easy to say, 'Lord! Lord!' but how hard, oftentimes, to do the will of our Father! Our minister in one sermon said that so many of his people were in the Master's vineyard and yet not obeying the Master. The Lord says, Pull up the weeds, but don't touch the vines. Some pull the weeds, but in their hurry and carelessness pull the vines also. Some pull a few weeds and grow weary. Some obey, and pull the weeds, but the vines wilt, and they fear a great mistake has been made. Some mourn over the great number of weeds, but think it a hopeless task to go to work up-rooting. Yet all feel as though they must be working for the Master because their names are on the book as workers in the vineyard."

There are times in every Christian's life when he would be glad to go to heaven on "flowery beds of ease," but there is no such route there. There is no road easier than the one trod by our great Leader—the path of self-denial, cheerful obedience, constant work and watchfulness; not the pleasant work and pitying tone, but the kindly help and the self-denying act.

—*Manhattan, Kan.*

### WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following letters from one of the missionaries of the Society, whose field of labor is in South Carolina, will be found deeply interesting, as they show the opportunity for usefulness offered the women of the church by this organized effort to help and save our own people. This part of the State is very destitute of church and school advantages, and the people are ignorant and degraded. Within a year Mrs. Dunton has organized nineteen Sunday-schools, eight Women's Christian Temperance Unions, and "Bands of Hope" in nearly all the Sunday-schools. She visits these schools and temperance societies frequently, and they are well sustained and are exerting a great influence for good in the section. After receiving a box of clothing, etc., furnished by one of our auxiliaries, she writes:—

"DEAR MRS. RUST: I do not think it would be possible for me to describe the amount of good they have done, and the prayers that have arisen from the whole of the church by this organization. Let me say that this part of the State is very destitute of church and school advantages, and the people are ignorant and degraded. Within a year Mrs. Dunton has organized nineteen Sunday-schools, eight Women's Christian Temperance Unions, and 'Bands of Hope' in nearly all the Sunday-schools. She visits these schools and temperance societies frequently, and they are well sustained and are exerting a great influence for good in the section. After receiving a box of clothing, etc., furnished by one of our auxiliaries, she writes:—

"I received the donations for the poor—one box of books, one box and one barrel of clothing. I can assure you it did not take long to find the needy, knowing so well as I do the wants of the destitute all about me. I could give you the name of the recipient of every article—save the books. I can also furnish you drawings of the ragged characters, as it is somewhat my forte to delineate features with pen or pencil. A good many pieces went to our poor preachers and families living on circuit with some pay. These articles were gratefully received, I can assure you. For instance, I gave a bed-quilt to one of these ministers' wives, and some clothing for the little ones. I sent them to her with a note, informing her who were the givers. Next day I called upon her, when she, with tears in her eyes and a choke in her voice, said, 'Mrs. Dunton, I shall always pray for those people up North, who have been so kind to me.' Later she said, 'I lay all last night almost freezing, with that beautiful quilt folded up and put away. I felt as if it were too good to cover one so unworthy.' She resolved to live closer to Christ and lead a purer life, so that she might feel worthy to be covered with the quilt made by those 'dear white hands up North.' She expressed more gratitude than I can describe to you."

"I am just from the bedside of a dying girl, sixteen years of age, who is made warm and comfortable in her destitution by clothing from the barrel. She is dying without Christ, yet I have faith for her that rest will come in believing, before she goes. It seems to me that God has given me the charge of these poor wanderers, and I cannot bear to go up to Him by and without them."

"I will give you another instance: Some time ago, we found a man in the last stages of consumption, in a room (scarcely a room) with not enough shelter to keep out the sleet, on an old straw mat, with no covering but his ragged coat and trousers spread over him. We made him comfortable! Thank God, we were able to do it!"

"Vests and clothing were given to ministers, who went up to Conference looking much better than they could

otherwise have done. And so I might go on enumerating, but time will not allow. I want to tell you, in conclusion, that these mission gifts to the poor—down to the smallest articles—seem very sacred to me as belonging to Christ. As I take them out one by one, it seems as if each is laden with the perfume of a prayer. I know they are—they were never put in without. And so with the money I receive from you. It, too, seems sacred, and I am striving to make it go as far and do as much good as it possibly can. This is a precious work, and what is strange, the harvest seems to be all coming home into my own heart; as Whittier says, 'My heart is full with a harvest song of inward peace.' L. M. DUNTON."

### The Little Folks.

BUNNY DID IT.

"Awful baddest Bunny  
Ever, ever knew;  
Cost me lots of money  
When I bought him, too."

"He's a little rabbit,  
Ribbin' on his neck,  
With a dreadful habit,  
Too, I do expect!"

"Which is, gnawing dresses  
When you do not see;  
Made some holes in Bessie's  
Mantle—much as three."

"But he's done the baddest  
Thing of all to-day;  
Made me feel the saddest,  
Spoiled my pretty play."

"Gave a dinner party  
To my paper dolls;  
Left them eating heartily,  
'Cos I had some calls."

"Wasn't gone a quarter  
Of an hour, I know—  
Maybe even shorter;  
When I came back, oh—h!"

"Wonder why I'm crying?  
What you've done I found;  
Dollies' heads all lying  
Bit off, on the ground."

—Little Gem and Kindergarten.

### A BOY'S VIEW OF THE CASE.

BY CAROLINE E. LEWIS.

Boys and girls are no good in the world. At any rate, the men and women act as if they thought so. When we are youngsters we're called "trouble-bed trash," and hustled out of the way at soon as the gas is lit in the sitting-room, or when company comes, or our big sister has a beau and is afraid we'll tell him that she's horrid and cross sometimes and pulls our hair. I guess if the grown folks only knew how contemptible such treatment seems, and how boys and girls despise folks that serve them that way, there's some men and women who wouldn't be quite so big fellows.

Now, this afternoon I wanted to play ball with a lot of fellows. I don't think there was anything very wicked in that when I'd been shut up in school most all day spelling "yacht" and "sepulchre" and "conflagration"—I've forgotten what that last word means—and studying about the poles and the quaker and the horrid zone, and copying "A man is known by the company he keeps," till my hand ached just awful. But before I'd even got into the house where I wanted to leave a great pile of books I'd got to study in the evening, I met Aunt Susan on the sidewalk. I just hate—I mean dislike—Aunt Susan like pitch, tar and turpentine. I wish I could say "hate," because that's the word I mean, only my mother says it's so very wicked to hate anybody, specially your own aunt.

"Oh, Tom," she hollered out, "it's beginning to sprinkle. Run in and get me my umbrella. It's in my closet."

Well, I had to go, of course—up three flights of stairs, because boys must always use the basement door—the front door is too good for boys—and I had a horrid time getting the old thing out, because it fell down behind a pile of trunks.

I was all out of breath when I got down-stairs and out into the street again. Aunt Susan was awful mad because I'd been gone so long, and the stage was just turning the corner. I had to run like everything to catch it, and nearly broke my neck. I wouldn't have cared if the stage had gone with out her, only I'm always glad when she's off visiting somewhere or other, if she is my own aunt.

Well, I just went back to get my ball, and then mother came out of the sitting-room.

"Tom, you must go the plumber's right away," she said, as if that was good enough fun for me, "because a pipe is leaking in the kitchen and must be seen to at once. Here's a letter I want mailed. You'll have to buy a stamp for it."

Just then Nell hollered down-stairs: "Oh, Tom, I've got to have some more crayons like you bought last. I don't see why you can't get home from school earlier. Get me some more crayons just as quick as you can, and then hurry round to Sallie Hart's and tell her I can't practice my duet with her till to-morrow. She's been expecting me all the afternoon."

Now I'd just like to ask what's a boy to do when his fun is all spoiled and his time used up that way? He can't please his mother and tell her he won't. I tried that once when I was a little fellow, and it didn't work a minute. And if he's mean to his sister, then she cries or makes a great fuss about it, and his father and mother tell him that he's no gentleman, and he feels about as small as a peanut before they're through with him. But I did think Nell might have done her own errands instead of waiting for me to come home from school and do them for her. And then to blow me up for not coming home earlier—as if boys ever stayed in school longer than they had to! Girls don't know much, anyway. Besides, Nell needs more fresh air and out-door exercise. I heard the doctor tell her so.

Of course I had to go to the plumber's and the post-office, to the 'artists' materials' store and Sal Hart's. That took me most an hour. When I came back for my ball, the cook was most wild because the butcher hadn't sent

around the meat for dinner. She just hurried me off after it like a house afire because "everything was behindhand," she said. There wasn't any use saying anything, and she didn't give me time to say it in if there had been. That's just like her.

I got the plaguey old meat at last and went off to play ball, but the boys had been at it so long they'd got tired, and a lot of them had gone home. I was just disgusted—so there! I guess anybody'd have been.

The first thing after dinner I had to go up to grandma's room for her spectacles, and before I got half way down, she sent me back for her handkerchief. Nell made me hunt all round her for her rubber she'd dropped on the floor, and then there wasn't any matches in the sitting-room and I had to run down into the kitchen for some, and the cook told me to come right back and find the hammer because she wanted to fix some old thing or other, and I said I'd lost it—I mean the hammer. I hadn't touched it, anyway, but I didn't say so because if Nell had heard me she'd have told mother I was saucy to the girls in the kitchen, and then there would have been a fuss.

Just as soon as I sat down to study, Massachusetts is bounded on the north by Vermont and New Hampshire, father sent me after a memorandum book that was in his desk; and then Nell said I took up too much room with my elbows and she couldn't see to draw some-body's nose, and so I had to get up again and move all my things, and—

Oh, dear me! I don't think boys have hard times. I suppose it's all right that they should do errands for folks and lots of things, but it does seem as if the folks might fix them some way so that it wouldn't take all a fellow's time. And then if sometimes they'd say,

"Thank you," just as they expect us to do always, a fellow would feel a good deal better about it. I should, anyway. And I guess if there wasn't any boys or girls round anywhere, to "save steps," as they tell about, some folks would get pretty well tired out. I wonder if I shall get any time to-morrow to play ball with the other fellows!

### MORNING.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

The morning comes! Be glad, my soul,  
And greet the rising day!  
The ev'ning shadows backward roll,  
And bear the night away.

Behold, the hills stand clothed with light;  
The woods, the waves, rejoice.  
What gladness greets thy waking sight;  
And, O my soul, thy voice!

Praise, praise to Him, thy rising Sun,  
Who floods thy life with light;  
Whose beams through all the darkness run,  
And conquer sin and night.

Be glad, be glad, my soul! no gloom,  
No sorrow, 'neath His ray;  
For doubt, for fear, for care no room  
Where endless shines the day.

My soul, within this heavenly light  
Abide forevermore;  
Where dwells the Lamb is never night,  
And pain and tears are o'er.

Behere and now thy heaven begun,  
Thy heaven of light and love;  
And when thy heaven of trust is done,  
A heaven of bliss above.

### BROKEN.

"Aren't they lovely?" As she said  
This Estelle Brown held the quaint,  
dark blue cream-pitcher aloft, to show  
how transparent it was.

"O, they are too pretty for anything!" declared Frances Holmes, her dear friend and companion; and she wound her arms caressingly around a dark-blue plate as she spoke. "I don't believe another girl in our set can bring such a charming array of old things as you can. How came your grandmother to let you take them?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I didn't expect it; she thinks so much of them. Grandma bought them, you know, when they first commenced housekeeping, sixty years ago. Just think, Frances, of having been a housekeeper for sixty years! I didn't expect to be allowed to touch these dishes, but I was telling mamma about the plans for the old folks' supper—how we were going to have all the nice old-fashioned things we could get for the table; and I was complaining that our things were so distressingly new, when grandma said, 'I suppose you would like the blue china tea-set to dress out your table with? I gave a little scream, and said I guess I would better than anything else in the world; and when she said I might take it, I gave her such a lumping as to almost take her breath away. I wouldn't have one of the pieces broken for anything; I'm really afraid I would break grandma's heart. I've been nervous all the morning while I was wiping them and getting them ready. I shut Tiny up in the nursery for fear she would break something."

But somebody had let Tiny out of the nursery; she came skipping over the ground just at this moment, her heart full of some scheme of importance. "O Stella," she said as she came with in hearing, "mamma says I may go to the supper and that she will dress me up in white pants and a long-sleeved, high-necked white apron, just as little girls used to dress over so many years ago. Won't I look too funny?"

The idea of your putting up against me in that manner! You ought to be whipped severely, and I'll tell mother so; see if I don't! Come into the house this minute!" and she seized the arm of her frightened little sister, and dragged her up the steps and through the hall in frantic haste.

It was hours after that, in the cool of the afternoon, that Estelle knocked softly at the door of grandmother's room, then slipped in and sat down in a sorrowful little heap at her feet. "O

grandma," she said, "have they told you? I'm so awfully sorry! I could cry for a week if that would only mend it. 'So am I, child,' said grandma, knitting away quietly on her red-and-white stocking. 'I would cry, too, if that would do any good, but tears will not mend them. There were so many of them broken, too; that seems to make it worse.'

Then Estelle lifted her sorrowful face. "O grandma," she said, "there was only one broken; that was bad enough. Did you think there were more?"

Grandma gravely shook her white old head. "You are mistaken," she said; "there were more than one, child. I was in the sitting-room at the time, and heard the crash. Let me see: 'Bear ye one another's burdens'; that was broken, I am sure. Poor little Tiny had to bear her own heavy burden. Then, 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted,' giving one another; I'm afraid that was dreadfully broken. Oh, there were a good many of them; I felt them rattling about my ears all the morning."

Not another word said Estelle. For ten whole minutes she buried her head in grandmother's apron; then her grandmother said softly, "Take them to him, child, and try again." — *The Punsy.*

### For Young and Old.

BITS OF FUN.

... A man with a wheelbarrow carries all before him.

... There is, after all, only one real bone of contention in the world, and that is the jaw-bone.

... Patrick comes to the morgue to claim a lost relative. Has he any peculiarity which he can be recognized? "Yes, he is dumb."

... A lobster never comes ashore," says an old fishmonger, "without great risk of getting into hot water."

... Miss Kinlin of Chicago recently married a man named Wood. The marriage notice was headed "Kinlin-Wood." "What is that may be called added fuel to the flame of love."

... The latest boy exists in Connecticut. His mother sent him to a neighbor's house after a cup of sour milk. On being told that there was none but sweet milk to be got, he helped himself to a chair, and said: "Well, I'll stand on the door mat."

... "Don't stand on ceremony, come in," said a lady to an old farmer, who had called to see her husband. "My goodness; excuse me, marm," exclaimed the old man, "I'm standing on the door mat."

... A gentleman in a village in New York State has a family of three or four little girls. Not long since the children were talking about a pair of twins. One of them, an elder one, turned to her father and said: "Papa, what do they call it when three babies come at once?" "A little one, who was much interested in the conversation, and who had heard talk about the smallest, said: 'I know, papa.' 'Well, what do they call it?' said the father. 'An epidemic,' said the little one, proudly displaying her knowledge."

... An amusing incident occurred the other day. A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time, and who, during his absence, had raised a pretty invidious crop of whiskers, mustachios, and a general air of being a little out of the world, was called upon by a lady with a kiss as was usual. "Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle John a kiss?" "Why, ma," returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place."

... It is said that a crude old farmer living on the line of one of the recent railroad surveys, and who is owner of a barn of large dimensions with huge swinging doors on both sides, observed a posse of surveyors busily driving a row of stakes through his premises that extended to the very center of his big barn. Sumnering leisurely toward the trespassers, with an airavoring somewhat of indignation, he addressed the leader of the gang as follows:—

"Layin' out another railroad?" "Surveying for one," was the reply. "Goin' there my barn?" "J. Martineau."

"Don't see how we can avoid it." "Wall, now, mister," said the worthy farmer, "I calkulate I've got sumthin' to say 'bout that. I want you few understand that I've got sumthin' else tew dew besides runnin' out tew open and shet them doors every time a train wains went tew there."

### Gems of Thought.

... Most of our comforts grow up between crosses.

... Religion is reproached with not being progressive; it makes amends by being imperishable. — *J. Martineau.*

... The true Christian is like the sun, which purifies his noisier track, and every where leaves the effect of his beams in a blessing upon the world around him. — *Luther.*

... Labor on from dawn till nightfall, (I choose not what thy life shall be, Even if a homely service Is what God requires of thee. For the task first that appears Is the one that needs thy care; And while doing it remember Thou must individual duty.

... Do your individual duty. You cannot make a sky of sunshine, but you can shed one ray, and one ray is the size of a new day breaking. — *Christian at Work.*

... Bishop Whipple recently remarked: "As the grass grows nearer, my theology is growing strangely simple, and it begins and ends with Christ as the only refuge for the lost."

... Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—the idle man.

The wondrous beauty that to-day On nature's face appears, Has cost the glorious dewy morn A thousand tears.

The chastened beauty of the saint Whom all the world reveres, Has cost each sad and struggling soul A thousand tears.

... Do not waste far



Africa. — A trip to Rev. J. H. Schenck, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, died of cholera at Monrovia, Liberia, on the 10th inst. He was 60 years of age. He had been in Africa for 15 years. He was a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and was one of the first to go to Africa. He was a man of great energy and ability, and was a great blessing to the mission. He was a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and was one of the first to go to Africa. He was a man of great energy and ability, and was a great blessing to the mission.

MEXICO.

Five Years' Progress.  
BY REV. JOHN W. BUTLER.

Some five years ago we collected the statistics of Protestantism in Mexico, and published the same in the HERALD. The figures then stood as follows:—

Congregations,	135
Churches,	11
Halls of worship,	11
Probable value of church property,	\$130,000
Free-day schools,	28
Night schools,	28
Presses employed,	6
Religious periodicals,	6
Agents employed,	122

Knowing that the cause had been making rapid progress, even in the midst of the bitter persecution of these latter days, we opened a correspondence with the superintendents of the several evangelical missions in Mexico, and have just secured the following surprising and encouraging result:—

Foreign missionaries and assistants,	51
Native helpers of all kinds,	209
Congregations,	1,754
Members,	10,000
Sunday-schools,	103
Sunday-school scholars,	3,065
Day schools,	75
Day school scholars,	2,752
Church edifices,	37
Other places of worship,	102
Probable value of church property,	\$330,300
Presses employed,	12
Religious periodicals published,	11
Religious literature issued in 1881,	11,550
Pages of religious literature issued in 1881,	6,071,000

Surely, God's people everywhere will be thankful for this remarkable progress of the past five years. Few fields of evangelical labor have ever given better results in the same length of time.

Let us briefly note some of the items of progress: If our readers will compare the two tables, they will see that the congregations established are nearly twice as many as they were five years ago. The membership, not stated then, is now over ten thousand; while the probable adherents are upwards of twenty thousand. There were then but 11 church edifices, while there are now 37—more than three times as many; and at the same time hired places of worship are about double what they were then. It will also be seen that the value of church property has increased more than one hundred and thirty per cent.

We have not time to further point out the encouragements of these interesting statistics, but would respectfully refer the matter to that master in figures, Dr. Dorchester, who may here find matter for a new paragraph in his next edition of the "Problem of Religious Progress."

Mexico City, Jan. 2.

CIRCULATE THE MANUAL.

So say the secretaries; so say the publishers; so say we. What does your pastor say? It cannot fail to help our church benevolences. The Church Extension department of the January number, alone, is worth more to an intelligent Methodist than the price charged for every department for a whole year. The striking feature is the map of the United States and Territories, showing on its face, by little red crosses, the location of the 410 churches aided in 1881, and on its reverse side a complete tabulated statement of the 72 frontier churches procured with the gifts of \$250 each previously contributed for the purpose. Then follows important information concerning the admirable church plans furnished by the Board, and a "synopsis of Church Extension for 1881," which show still further what these "knights of the red cross" have been doing. The outlines of the anniversary addresses are brief and pointed, and of much more than usual interest.

Those who wish to know what our Church is doing, cannot afford to be without the Manual. Fifty cents will pay for it for a year, and \$1 will secure also back numbers. Order it now. Address Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Thomson Methodist Church, Pawtucket, is encouraged by increasing congregations at the preaching service and a much larger attendance at the Sunday-school. Rev. G. A. Morse has his hands and heart full in caring for this in addition to the High Street Church.

A note from East Greenwich says: "Great stir in spirits down here, but it is not all spiritual though spirited." Prof. Blakelee and Bro. Yates, the pastor of the Methodist Church in East Greenwich, are giving lively business to the liquor-sellers of a kind they do not like, but which they all deserve.

Mrs. H. D. Walker, who has been helping Dr. Morrison in revival services in the Hope Street Church, has engaged to labor with the W. C. T. Union, in Rhode Island. Sister W. is a most excellent laborer, and gave great satisfaction to the Hope Street people and their pastor.

The Providence Ministers' Meeting discussed in two successive sessions the following resolution:—

Resolved, That the method of replenishing church treasuries by means of fairs and festivals ought to be condemned.

It appeared in the discussion that there was great unanimity of opinion on the subject. Nothing like gambling met with the least approval, and it was conceded to be the better way to do without such methods, if possible.

Bro. Hamilton is working very hard and meeting with good success in Westbury. He is drawing the people to him.

A "Methodist Social Union" for Providence and vicinity is to be formed. A meeting was held in the vestry of the Matheson Street Church, Jan. 25, when a constitution was presented and a committee appointed to nominate a list of officers at the next meeting.

Obituaries.

KATE WITCHER, eldest daughter of Daniel and Nancy Witcher, was born in Benton, May 16, 1853, and died in Landaff, N. H., Nov. 29, 1881, aged 28 years and 6 months.

While very young she showed superior intellectual powers. She attended the Conference Seminary at Tilton, N. H., in the fall and winter of 1870, and finished her studies at Lebanon, where she graduated in the spring of 1875, with the highest honors the institution bestows—valedictorian. Choosing the profession of teaching, she commenced her duties in the State Normal School at Plymouth, afterward teaching in Bath and Lancaster. Returning to Plymouth, she again resumed her duties in the Normal School. Her cultured mind and amiability of disposition well fitted her for her high and noble calling, and she gave promise of a life of great usefulness. But, alas! in October of 1877, she was stricken with consumption, the effects of kind friends, consumption claimed her as its victim; but not till after four years of suffering did she leave this earthly home for a house not made with hands. She was able to mingle with the family and converse with friends to the very last. She had an attack of hemorrhage. Her father clasped her in his arms, and seeing death within her grasp, he said, "Going to heaven, Kate; do you know it?" She bowed assent, and immediately passed over the river.

While attending school in Tilton she sought and found her Savior, and acknowledged Him by holy baptism; and when at Plymouth, united with the Congregational Church. In her religious life she was quiet and unassuming, but a steady beam of light, and during all her years of suffering her faith never wavered. She possessed purity of heart, a sympathetic nature, and a faithfulness of heart which won for her many friends. None except in her praise. We may rejoice amid our tears, for our loss is her gain. She has gone in youth; the angel of death plucked one of earth's fairest flowers, but heaven is richer by her presence.

C. BYRNE.

PAULINE McLELLAN, wife of Arthur McLELLAN, died in peace, at Gorham, Me., Nov. 29, 1881, aged 46 years and 7 months.

Sister McLELLAN was converted in 1855, and united with the M. E. Church at Gorham. With her husband she united with the M. E. Church at Gorham, and remained a faithful member until called to depart.

For the past six years Sister McLELLAN had been an invalid. Knowing that good health could never again be hers in this life, she had waited patiently and cheerfully until the end; never losing heart in the cause of Christ, nor faith in the blessedness of the redeemed hereafter. Five weeks before her death, invited friends and relatives met at her home to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her wedding. Congratulations were freely offered, and she expressed that yet other years of married life might be granted. But it was not to be. A few weeks passed; sickness came, and, knowing that her hour had come, she made ready, and departed to be at rest. She leaves a husband and two children to mourn her departure.

J. A. C.

MARY A. HARDING, widow of William B. Harding, departed this life at Gorham, Me., Dec. 1, 1881, aged 75 years.

More than fifty years ago Sister Harding was converted, and became one of the first members of the M. E. Church at Gorham. The history of her life would be a long and interesting story. She was a devoted Christian, and a faithful member of the church. She was a woman of great energy and ability, and was a great blessing to the mission.

DELPHINA P. HARMON, wife of Shirley Harmon, died in peace, at Gorham, Me., Jan. 2, 1882, aged 50 years and 7 months.

Sister Harmon was born at Hartford, Me., and was converted at Livermore, at the age of fifteen, under the labors of Rev. A. Green. She united with the M. E. Church at Gorham, and remained a faithful member until her death. She was a woman of great energy and ability, and was a great blessing to the mission.

Brother Pettengill was born June 22, 1809, in the year 1838 or 1839 he joined the New Hampshire Conference. In 1840 he was appointed to the Athens and Putney circuits, with J. L. Smith; he was a faithful and successful laborer. He never joined the Conference in full, but continued to labor as a local preacher until failing health compelled him to give up preaching altogether. For many years he was a member of the church at Gorham, where he was highly esteemed.

He was a good man. He was genial and companionable. He was generous, always ready to sacrifice in behalf of his church. He was a faithful and successful laborer. He was a man of great energy and ability, and was a great blessing to the mission.

Belchertown, Me. E. Church has been afflicted, during the past year, by the removal of an unusual number from her church, and Sunday-school to join the ranks of the redeemed.

July 6, MOSES WHITE died of paralysis, in the 81st year of his age.

Converted at an advanced age, his modest estimate of his own merit held him as a probationer here, to be received in full by the Master.

OCT. 30, ABIE CHAPIN silently passed through the pearly gates.

She was a devoted disciple of Jesus, and a faithful member of the church. She was a woman of great energy and ability, and was a great blessing to the mission.

Additional Evidence

in regard to the great curative properties of

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES.

UNDOUBTED CURES OF CONSUMPTION.

The Originals of the following Letters, as well as many thousands others, which lack of space in this paper prevents our publishing, can be seen by any one at the Office of Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son in Philadelphia.

We ask the afflicted to go and see the people who write these Letters. If this is impossible, write to them, enclosing a stamp for return postage.

For other Certificates of Cures send for Dr. Schenck's book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. It gives a full description of these diseases in their various forms, also, valuable information in regard to the diet and clothing of the sick; how and when exercise should be taken, etc. This book is the result of many years of experience in the treatment of Lung Disease, and should be read, not only by the afflicted, but by those who, from hereditary taint or other cause, suppose themselves liable to any affection of the throat or lungs.

IT IS SENT FREE—Post Paid, to all Applicants.

Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, 537 Arch St., Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

Dear Sir—Some years ago I was taken with inflammation of the lungs, and although treated by two good doctors, it could do me no harm, for I was worse, until I had hemorrhages quite frequently. They usually occurred in the morning, and averaged fully a pint of clear blood at a time. I had sweats every night, and my weight, which was 155 lbs. when I was first taken sick, gradually ran down to 125 lbs. My nights were almost sleepless, owing to the coughing, and I was unable to get up in the morning. I was so weak that I could not do any work, and I was in a very short time at my worst symptoms. I was in a very short time at my worst symptoms. I was in a very short time at my worst symptoms.

I began by using all your medicines as you direct, and in a very short time all my worst symptoms left me, and I began to gain flesh, and my weight increased. I was in a very short time at my worst symptoms.

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## THE WEEK.

## DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

**Tuesday, January 31.**  
Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows died in New York yesterday at the age of 68.

The Rugby colonization scheme in Tennessee is in danger of collapse.

The Union Generale Bank of Paris has suspended payment.

Buildings were destroyed and several lives lost by the bursting of a reservoir at Calais, France, yesterday; at least accounts twenty-seven bodies had been recovered.

The German Reichstag was closed by imperial message yesterday.

M. Gambetta has resumed his seat in the chamber of deputies.

**Wednesday, February 1.**  
The old World newspaper building in New York city, occupied by several weekly papers and business offices, was burned yesterday; several of the inmates perished in the flames; loss estimated at over \$700,000.

A heavy snow-storm has greatly impeded travel in various parts of New England.

Oscar L. Baldwin, the embelishing cashier of the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, N. J., has been sentenced to State prison for fifteen years.

In the course of debate on the Sherman Funding bill in the Senate yesterday, the Plumb amendment, providing that the surplus revenue in excess of \$100,000,000 shall be employed for redemption purposes, was offered. In the House the resolution requesting the President to obtain the names of American citizens confined in British prisons, and the causes of such imprisonment, was adopted. The Post-office bill was also reported.

Oscar Wilde lectured in Music Hall in this city last evening.

**Thursday, February 2.**  
It is supposed that seven persons perished in the New York fire, and seven others are still missing.

The public debt was reduced in January nearly thirteen millions.

Meetings were held both in London and in New York last night to express sympathy with the persecuted Jews in Russia.

The first "temperance bar-room," or coffee room, in this city, was opened, on Washington Street, last evening.

The financial debate was continued in the Senate yesterday, and the Post-office Appropriation bill was before the House.

The new French ministry announced a firm, liberal and conciliatory policy.

**Friday, February 3.**  
The Globe Company's Locomotive property in Chelsea has been attached for \$100,000 by a writ from the U. S. Court.

The conductor and brakeman of the Albany train which was wrecked at Sparten Duvill have been indicted for manslaughter.

Public Printer Deffes has resigned.

The Jewish Relief fund, started by the Lord Mayor of London, has reached \$19,000.

The Austrian government has granted \$8,000,000 for the suppression of the Herzegovinian Insurrection.

The debate on the Sherman Funding bill was continued in the Senate yesterday. The Plumb amendment, providing that the surplus revenues over \$100,000,000 shall be applied to reducing the public debt, was rejected. An amendment declaring the act extending the five and sixes valid was adopted. In the House a bill was reported for removing the export tax on tobacco. The Post-office Appropriation bill was again discussed at length in committee of the whole.

**Saturday, February 4.**  
Jaynes' barrel factory in Cambridgeport was burned last night; loss \$125,000. The Commercial Elevator and other property was burned at Buffalo yesterday; loss about \$200,000.

A gas explosion has occurred in the Midlothian mine, near Coalfield, Va., and thirty-two men are imprisoned in the shaft, with no probability of escape.

The Liverpool police have seized the stereotype plates and 20,000 copies of the United Ireland.

The Sherman Funding bill, with amendments, was passed by the Senate yesterday; also a bill authorizing the national board of health to distribute pure vaccine virus among the people.

**Monday, February 6.**  
Guinea has been sentenced to be hung, June 30.

Among the fires on Saturday was one of a school-house in Washington (loss, \$135,000), and another of a barrel factory in Jersey City (loss, \$200,000).

Justice Hunt, of the Supreme Court, has resigned.

The British steamer Cosmos is reported lost in the Black Sea, with all on board.

The snow-storm which began Saturday was general and heavy throughout New England and the Middle States.

A new Egyptian ministry has been formed, with Mahmoud Bakroudi at its head.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Gleanings.**—Rev. G. H. Hardy, Methodist pastor at Mount Lebanon, was remembered, with his family, with Christmas gifts to the value of \$70.

Rev. Mr. Eakins has completed his canvass of the churches of the Conference in the interest of the Keene church. Some \$1,800 is still needed, which Mr. Eakins has entire confidence will be secured before Conference.

The gale of Jan. 27 did some damage to the M. E. Church at Rochester, as well as other buildings of the village. The two chimneys of the church were blown down, but fortunately this was about the extent of the mischief.

A good work is being done in Hinsdale by the M. E. Church, Rev. J. D. Folson, pastor. A burdensome debt of \$4,400, being reduced. Already \$2,200 has been secured. They hope at no very distant day to see the whole debt wiped out.

The annual festival of the M. E. Church at Canaan was held Jan. 26, and was every way a fine success. Nothing in any way objectionable was allowed a place in it. The attendance was very large, and the exercises, consisting of singing, speaking, addresses by prominent citizens, the reading of letters from former pastors, etc., were highly entertaining. A bountiful supper was provided, and the receipts were \$150. The money was tendered the excellent pastor, Rev. J. A. Steele, with the assurance of "more to follow."

The death of John Haworth, of Dover, whose affliction was mentioned in a late HERALD, occurred at the asylum in Concord, Jan. 29. He did not recover his reason. His death is a great loss to the church, as well as his family. He was held in the highest esteem as a citizen, and possessed a fine Christian character. He was always at his post, and will be greatly missed in Sunday-school, prayer-meeting, and other departments of church work. He was a son-in-law of the venerable Father Ashton, a well-known local preacher of our church, and leaves a widow and five boys.

The dedicatory exercises in Newport, Jan. 19, have already been briefly mentioned. The sermons were preached by Revs. Charles E. Hall and O. H. Jasper, D. D. Several of the old pastors were present, and other ministers from abroad. The singing was by a large choir, led by E. D. Comings, and was very fine. Revs. S. Holman, G. N. Bryant and S. G. Kellogg, with the pastor and Rev. E. P. Abbott, of the Congregational Church, took part in the afternoon services. The service of dedication was performed by the presiding elder, Dr. Jasper. The financial part of the programme was conducted very skillfully by Rev. M. V. B. Knox, of Claremont. An original hymn was sung, composed by Rev. J. W. Adams, the pastor. Dr. O. H. Jasper's sermon in the evening was on the text, "He shall not fall nor be discouraged." Following this the pastor made a brief address, and alluded by name and date of appointment to all the former pastors of this church, all of whom are alive to this day. He gave information concerning each, and read responses from several to the invitations to be present, and then called on Revs. S. Holman and S. G. Kellogg, who were present, and who gave very interesting reminiscences of their labors here. Rev. E. E. P. Abbott, the Congregational pastor of this village, was then introduced as one who had preached so much recently to this church (they having occupied his house, and the congregations having been practically consolidated) that he had merited a place on this list. The pastor also vouched for Mr. Abbott that he had nobly sustained the reputation of the Methodist preachers who had preceded him. Mr. Abbott made a very genial, practical and congratulatory address and offered the concluding prayer. These services fully closed the exercises of a very happy day.

**Hillsboro.**—The paragon is cheered by the advent of an infant son, born Jan. 26. Christmas brought gifts from both societies, the total amount of cash being \$22. The pastor preaches to large congregations of young people on alternate Sunday evenings at Hillsboro Bridge, and a young people's association is being formed.

**Moultonborough.**—The church here has lately been awakened and united under the labors of Bros. Folger and Jackson. The pastor also held extra meetings. There have been quite a number of seekers, and some have been converted. At the Christmas festival the pastor and his family were generously remembered to the amount of about \$70 in money and presents, for all of which they wish to thank the donors. The singing class, under the instruction of the pastor, Rev. G. H. Hardy, has lately given two successful concerts of sacred music, which were well appreciated.

Bro. Wm. Woods, of Sandwich, is closing a successful three years' pastorate at that place. His people will be sorry to part with him.

## VERMONT.

The Preachers' Meeting at Brownsville was one of the best ever held. The day was quite stormy; but a goodly number were present, and some excellent papers were read. The plan has been to let every one present a paper on a theme of his own selection. At this meeting the first paper offered was on the topic, "The Devil," the second, on "The Personality and Work of the Devil," and the third on "Everlasting Punishment of the Wicked." Yet some say that the Methodists are tending down in regard to these questions! At the last moment before adjournment Bro. A. L. Cooper, of Springfield, greatly surprised the presiding elder by presenting him a generous purse of money on behalf of his friends on the district. Blessings on the donors!

On a recent Sunday two strangers put in an appearance at the parsonage at Enosburg and Woodstock—one at each place—and vigorously exhorted the philanthropic inmates to "feed the hungry and clothe the naked," to which there was a prompt response. They are both boys. Congratulations!

The last quarterly meetings at East Dover and Williamsville fell on a stormy day, but fair congregations were present. The wind blew out part of the handsome front window in the church at Williamsville. This church will be ready for dedication some time within a month. Bro. J. E. Knapp is happy in his work, and is thoroughly appreciated by his people. The benevolent collections are above the appointments.

At Cambridge the work continues in good condition. The collections are in advance of last year. Bro. S. C. Vail was laid up one Sunday with throat difficulty, and his good wife read Wesley's sermon on "The Curse of Evil Speaking," but he is a "man of one work," and his charge is improving.

His brother, C. S. Vail, who went West last fall on account of the condition of his wife's health, finds himself in great affliction among strangers. He is at Merrill, Wis., and his wife is no better. He needs and will have the sympathy and prayers of many friends East.

The church at Brownsville has been completely renovated inside, at an expense of \$300. The walls have been

neatly kalsomined, the pews painted and varnished, and a new carpet and handsome chandeliers provided. Mrs. Lincoln, a highly respected member, has given them a beautiful new pulpit set completed, finished in plush, costing nearly \$100. As usual, the pastor, Bro. F. W. Johnson, has taken "the laboring oar" in these improvements. The bills are all paid.

The last quarterly meeting, conducted by the pastor, was a "high day" at West Fairlee and Ely. At West Fairlee Bro. Culver baptized one and received two into full membership; and at Ely he baptized five and received fifty-one on probation. The occasion will never be forgotten by those present. H. A. S.

## CONNECTICUT.

**Versailles.**—This little church has seen much discouragement for the past few years, but on the first Sabbath of the New Year fourteen converts were received on probation. Others are seeking salvation. We are enjoying a precious season of revival interest. S.

## RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Twenty-seven missionaries to China and Japan recently left San Francisco on one steamer.

Rev. Fletcher Lummis, for many years a useful and able member of the Newark Conference, is dead.

Fifty Chinamen form a part of the congregation of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bishop Simpson has purchased a residence in Philadelphia, and will make that city his permanent home.

Rev. F. A. Wardell, of Boston, has received a call to the First Congregational Church of St. Louis, to succeed Dr. Post.

Rev. Wesley R. Davis, formerly of the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, of New York, was installed as pastor of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church of Albany, Jan. 13.

The success of Christian missions in Japan has aroused the Buddhists to unwonted exertions. They are holding protracted meetings all over the land.

THE MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER says: "Simmons' Liver Regulator has secured a reputation in every part of the United States solely on account of its extraordinary merit as a medicine for the liver, stomach and kidneys."

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" for all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

The twenty-second annual statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society shows a very large business done in 1881, amounting to \$46,000,000 in new insurances. The assets are \$44,308,541; the surplus, \$9,915,496. The report indicates great prosperity and financial strength.

HOME.—In calling attention to an article advertised in our columns, we are pleased to notice an excellent sign in regard to it, viz: that the testimonials relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla are from New England people, and many are from Lowell, the home of this medicine. We are assured that the sale of this article in Lowell where it is best known is wholly unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicine. We leave it to you to decide as to the probable merits of an article with such a solid foundation.

## Church Register.

## HERALD CALENDAR.

Dedication in Holbrook at 2 p. m. (to-day), Feb. 8. Meeting for the Promotion of Holiness in Wesleyan Hall, each Monday, at 2:30 p. m. New Bedford District Conference, at Taunton, Central Church, Feb. 12-15.

Eastern Conn. Min. Assn., at Central Church, Newburgh, Feb. 12-15.

Lewisville, N. C. Preachers' Meeting, at Linton, Me., Feb. 12-15.

Dover District Min. Assn., at Great Falls, N. H., Feb. 12-15.

Main Street Church, at Great Falls, Feb. 20-22.

Rockland Dis. Min. Assn., at Thompson, Feb. 20-22.

Penobscot Valley Min. Assn., at Hampden, Me., begins Monday evening, Feb. 27.

**CONFERENCE.** PLACE, TIME, BISHOP, S. Eng. South, Providence, R. I., April 5. New England, Northampton, Mass., 12. New England, Lawrence, Mass., 19. Vermont, Ludlow, Vt., 26. Merrill, Maine, Bangor, 26. East Maine, Waterville, Me., May 3.

**EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.**—The following are the names of the Chairmen of Standing Committees:—

Public Worship, B. S. Arrey, Berea, Ohio. Claims, W. H. Williams, Sudbury, Mass. and Tract, C. B. Rose, Freeport, Me. Library, Book Concern, etc., J. W. Day, Education, G. E. Palmer, Claims and Claimsants, A. S. Townsend, Temperance, C. A. Foster, Marriage, Divorce, S. C. Vail, Stewards, S. H. Hale, Bible Cause, A. Prince, Statistics, A. J. Clifford, Memoirs, W. T. Jewell, Per order of Conference.

W. W. MARSH, L. D. WARDWELL, B. S. ARREY.

**LEWISTON DISTRICT.**—Appointments that intend to pay, or make their P. E. a present of the balance or a part thereof of their apportionment, can never do so in a more acceptable manner than the present. Bridgton, Mechanic Falls, Richmond, Rumford and Gorham, N. H., deserve mention. For the P. E., M.

**NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT CONFERENCE.**—The next session of the above Conference will be held in Taunton-Central Church, beginning Monday evening, Feb. 12, 1882.

**RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY EXERCISES.**—Monday evening, Sermon by Rev. S. H. Day. Tuesday evening, Address by Rev. J. C. Hartzel, D. D., of New Orleans, Assistant Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

Wednesday evening, Sermon by Rev. H. H. Martineau, D. D., of New York. Thursday evening, Sermon by Rev. H. H. Martineau, D. D., of New York. Friday evening, Sermon by Rev. H. H. Martineau, D. D., of New York.

Examinations for Renewal of License, etc., Monday afternoon and evening.

First Session for Business, 9 a. m., Tuesday, Feb. 12.

Free Return Tickets for all who pay full fare to attend this Conference.

W. W. MARSH, L. D. WARDWELL, B. S. ARREY.

## QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

## PROVIDENCE DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

**FEBRUARY.**  
Somerset, 1. Mystic, 14.  
Berkeley, 7. East Hampton, 14.  
Jewett City & Heppesville, 17.  
Versailles & Ballie, 17. Chester, 17.  
Volantown & Griswold, 18. Marlboro' & Hebron, 18.

Quarry Street, 6. Portland, 18.  
Edgewood, 7. Haddon Neck, 21.  
Barr, pastor, 26. Moodus, 21.  
Fall River, First Ch., 28. Lyme, 21.  
Stratford, 3. New Britain, 21.  
New London, 10. Norwich Town, 27.  
Noank, 11. Sachem St., 28.  
Mystic Bridge, 11. (Resumed next week.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I. D. A. WHEEDON.  
**MONTPELIER DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.**

**FEBRUARY.**  
Mouton & Duxbury, 18. 19.  
Middlesex, pastor, March 22, 9 a. m. 19.  
Barr, pastor, April 11, eve. 26.  
Watfield, 26. 26.  
Worcester, D. E. Miller, etc., March 24, 9 a. m. 26.  
Northfield, pastor, March 21, eve. 26.

**NOTICE.**—I will attend all the Quarterly Conferences. Pastors attending their own Quarterly Meetings, and those who have their attention by exchange, can change the time, if desired, to no change the time of the Quarterly Conference. Important.—Let all the members of the Quarterly Conferences be present on time. Let the financial reports be ready with a carefully prepared report, and the pastors have a full written report, with a list of names for disciplinary committees and for stewards.

**Free Baptists.**—Give every person on each charge a pleasant invitation to do what they can for each of the Benevolent Collections; apportionment to each charge be raised if possible. Wise personal effort will bring up the desired amount.

**CHURCH TABOR.**  
**Scrofula.**  
A medicine that destroys the germs of Scrofula and has the power to root it out is appreciated by all. The remarkable cures of men, women and children as described by testimonials, serve.

**HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA**  
a reliable medicine, containing remedial agents which eradicate Scrofula from the system. One hundred doses for \$1.00. Sold by all dealers. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat.**  
PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for forty years, and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:  
PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it fail. I have used it for colds, coughs, croup, and all the ailments of the throat. It is a wonderful cure for colds and sore throat. A BROTHER SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat. PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for forty years, and is most valued where it is best known.

I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago, and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place. B. W. DYER, Bridgeport, Conn.

For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it. A. P. ROY, Liberty Mills, Va.

For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds, coughs, croup, and all the ailments of the throat. It is a wonderful cure for colds and sore throat. A BROTHER SEAMAN.

My son, who was suffering with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food, after taking a few doses was completely cured. T. WILKINSON.

Dr. WALKER writes from Cohasset: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarming in its progress, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

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